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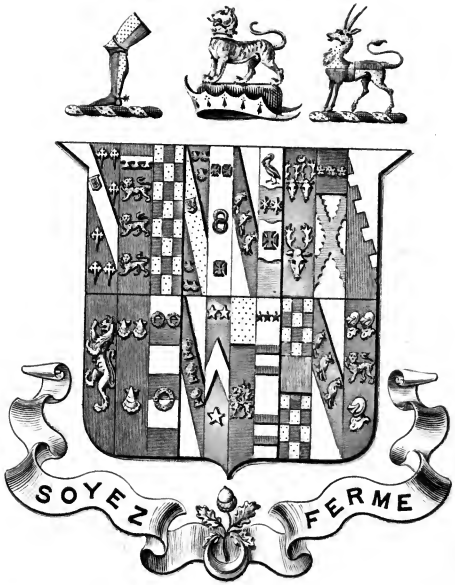

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Chandler, Bessie

POPULAR POEMS,

SELECTED BY

ELIZABETH PARKER.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.LI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE love of poetry is so general, that, in some degree or other, it may be said to form a portion of the reading, if not of the study, of all classes, from infancy to age—through all gradations, from the infant's prayer in verse, to the sublime works of Milton.

In order to meet the tastes of young persons in particular, as well as with a view to illustrate the styles of different authors, and of the periods at which they wrote, valuable collections have from time to time been made. But as poems of great beauty and high literary merit,—productions which at once do honour to their writers, and are a boon to their admirers,—are continually being put forth, though frequently in a manner that renders them inaccessible to the young reader, new collections become necessary, wherein to enshrine such scattered treasures, and thereby to extend the knowledge, and perpetuate the deserved popularity, of productions which, from the mode of their publication, might otherwise remain comparatively unknown and unenjoyed.

With this view, and in the hope of rendering an acceptable service to the lovers of pure poetry, the

present volume has been compiled. It contains much that has not yet appeared in any similar collection, without reference to the date of composition, together with many choice pieces already well known to fame;—some beautiful poems by American writers are also, it is believed for the first time, introduced to the English public;—but every line which, if adopted, must have been drawn from sources whereof those who watch over the formation of the youthful mind might disapprove, has been strictly excluded.

CONTENTS.

ANNE. Page
On the Field of Battle of Bullion Green 134
ANONYMOUS.
Autumn 153
Autumn Evenings 38
An Autumn Thought . . . 45
To a Bee 82
The Bee's Winter Retreat . . 112
The Brothers' Parting . . . 228
A Charade 162
To the Crow 127
England's Merry Bells . . . 99
To a Frog 93
The Harebell 224
To a Hedge-Sparrow 60
The Humming-Bird 125
The Lament 219
To a Little Boy 106
Man's Mortalitie 72
Man's Resurrection 73
The Mermaid's Song 99
Mount Horeb 70
My Native Home 48
The Plane Tree and the Vine 267
The Sailor's Evening Song . 81
Scene after a Summer Shower 76
The Sea 17
The Setting Sun 24
Silence 43
To the Sky-Lark 151
The Stranded Bark and the Life-boat 180
Time Flies 12
To-Morrow 243
The Traveller 79
The Trout-Stream 137
The Tulip 133
The Winter's Day 156
ATKINS.
Funeral Rites 130
BISHOP ATTERBURY.
Lines in praise of a Goose-Quill 95
B. (C. L. B.)
Summer 38
JOANNA BAILLIE.
Early Rising 71
Morning 15
Song 210
MRS. BARBAULD.
Ode to Content 252
Ode to Spring 254

BARNARD. Page
The Nautilus 182
BERNARD BARTON.
A Colloquy with Myself . . 240
The Coronation 168
The Traveller's Dirge . . . 155
To the Winds 160
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.
Daybreak 15
Evening 16
The Mourner 251
Unfolding the Flocks . . . 231
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.
Field Flowers 63
BLOOMFIELD.
Hospitality 170
MISS BOWLES.
The Death of the Flowers . . 115
BOWLES.
Anna D'Arfet 305
The Battle of Hastings . . . 312
The Bells of Ostend 276
The Little Sweep 281
Song of the Cid 267
BROWNE.
Past—Present—Future . . . 13
BROWNLEE.
The Comet 19
BRYANT.
The American Water Fowl . 239
The Death of Flowers . . . 116
To the Evening Breeze . . . 25
March 75
A Song of Pitcairn's Island . 174
Song of the Stars 23
BURNS.
John Barleycorn 236
To a Mountain Daisy . . . 211
BUTLER.
The Owl 119
BYRON.
The Way to be Happy . . . 85
CAMPBELL.
The Last Man 326
The Soldier's Dream 160
The Rainbow 18
To the Rainbow 100

	Page
CARLISLE.	
The Arabian Maiden's Song	134
Contentment	171
Written in a Valley	169
CARRINGTON.	
The Adventurer on the Sea of Life	55
COLLINS.	
Dirge	230
Ode to Evening	275
Ode to Fear	264
CRABBE.	
My Birthday	179
November	221
COLERIDGE.	
The Fading Lily	89
Ode to Tranquillity	84
Tell's Birth-place	196
CONVERSATIONS AT CAMBRIDGE.	
To a Child in Prayer	132
Madeline	188
COOPER.	
The Narcissus	170
COWLEY.	
The Grasshopper	205
COWPER.	
Bells at a Distance	152
Epitaph on a Tame Hare	156
Knowledge and Wisdom	46
The Negro's Complaint	192
The Poplars	116
Report of an Adjudged Case	107
The Rose	105
The Snail	230
The Solitary Walk at Noon	253
Solitude	150
The Squirrel	210
The Swallow	189
Thoughts on Nature	208
A Winter Evening	101
CROLY.	
The Boulevards of Paris in 1815	298
The Magic Lamp	277
Midnight	286
DALE.	
The April-Day	239
DARWIN.	
The Linnet's Nest	118
The Wounded Deer	67
DOANE.	
What is that, mother?	316
DICKENSON, ELEANOR.	
The Song of the Breeze	238
DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.	
Sonnet to the Nightingale	277
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.	
The Traveller in Africa	137
FINN.	
The Funeral at Sea	67
FLETCHER, G.	
The Dying Stag	251
The Lily and the Rose	248
The Peasant's Life	204
FOX.	
The Orphan Boy	90
FRANKLIN.	
Paper	314
GALLAUDET.	
Lines to the Western Mummy	146
GRAHAM.	
The Goldfinch's Nest	229
MISS GOULD.	
The Frost	31
Recollections	102
The Snow-Flake	33
GRAVES.	
The Invitation to Birds	103
GRAY.	
Convalescence	237
Elegy written in a Country Churchyard	300
H. (R. H.)	
Human Happiness	41
MRS. HALE.	
The Light of Home	124
HAYWOOD.	
The Good-Morrow	120
BISHOP HEBER.	
An Evening Walk in Bengal	176
Lo, the Lilies of the Field	187
MRS. HEMANS.	
The Better Land	87
The Penitent's Return	135
The Ivy Wreath	212
The Voice of Spring	243
ROBERT HERRICK.	
His Litany	64
HILL.	
The Bird Caught at Sea	85
HOWITT.	
Birds in Summer	184
The Wind in a Frolic	32
Winter	226
HURDIS.	
An Evening Walk	292
WASHINGTON IRVING.	
Falls of the Passaic	171
JENNER.	
Signs of Rain	89
JERNINGHAM.	
The African Boy	164
DR. JOHNSON.	
On Skating	167

	Page
BEN JONSON.	
The Bower	234
SIR WILLIAM JONES.	
From the Persian	75
KEATE.	
Westminster Abbey	56
KEMBLE, JOHN PHILIP.	
Ode to the Memory of Mr. Inchbald	152
KLEIST.	
The Farm-Yard	228
KNOX.	
Time	106
LANGHORNE.	
The Violet and the Pansy	214
LEWIS.	
The Orphan's Prayer	172
LOGAN.	
The Banks of Yarrow	96
The Cuckoo	172
LONGFELLOW.	
April	48
Woods in Winter	61
M.	
Antiquity	186
The Ocean	26
M. (J. M.)	
On an Hour-Glass	78
M. (W. H. M.)	
The Kaleidoscope	96
MACAULAY.	
The Spanish Armada	158
MACKENZIE.	
Recollections of Youth	179
MANT.	
Prayer	328
MARSDEN.	
What is Time?	11
MASON.	
Ode to Truth	271
J. MAYNE.	
The Life of Man	213
MICKLE'S CAMOENS.	
Dawn	205
MILMAN.	
Chorus of Babylonians	307
The Merry Heart	315
MILTON.	
L'Allegro	256
Employment in a Garden	167
May Morning	95
Morning	214
Morning Hymn	289
Song of May Morning	163
Il Penseroso	259

	Page
JAMES MONTGOMERY.	
The Coral Island	223
The Daisy	216
Humility	77
A Mother's Love	190
Night	108
Our Country and our Home	114
The Sorrows of Childhood	217
Twilight	111
The Valentine Wreath	226
The Visible Creation	14
A Voyage round the World	34
ROBERT MONTGOMERY.	
England	309
To my Friend	271
London	122
MUMMIUS.	
Answer of the Egyptian Mummy	141
NICCHOLES.	
Advice to the Discontented	112
NORTON.	
On listening to a Cricket	86
AUTHOR OF NUGÆ SACRÆ.	
A Wild-Flower Wreath	195
P. (R. C. P.)	
The Aurora Borealis	22
PEABODY.	
The Rising Moon	24
Autumn	124
Spring	196
Summer	178
PERCIVAL.	
The Coral Grove	30
May	121
PICKERING.	
Flowers	197
The Withered Leaf	178
PINKNEY.	
Evergreens	62
POLLOK.	
Fame	113
The Miser	92
POPE.	
The Man of Ross	305
POPE'S HOMER.	
Moonlight	217
PORSON.	
Nothing	98
PORTEUS, BISHOP.	
Death	88
FRANCIS QUARLES.	
Time	98
ROCKWELL.	
The Iceberg	28

ROGERS. Page
To an Old Oak 52
The Alps at Day-break . . . 109
The Italian Cottager's Home . 129

S. (N. P. S.)
(Address to a Sarcophagus . . 144

S. (C. S.)
The Voice of Prayer 329

SADLER.
The Banks of the Dove . . . 65

SIR WALTER SCOTT.
Answer to What is Time? . . 12
The Cypress Wreath 265
The Hunting Morning . . . 118
The Repose after the Chase . 119
Scotch Mountain Scenery . . 206
The Sorrows of Childhood . . 217

SHAKSPEARE.
Fairy Songs 74, 94
Fairies' Song 255
The Fairy-Queen Sleeping . 250
A Fairy's Favours 266
Flattery and Friendship . . 80
The Grandfather's Death-Bed 127
A Winter's Song 123

SHENSTONE.
The Fairies' Grotto 164
The Halcyon, or King-fisher . 77
The Kid 82
The Milk-Maid 114
The Shepherd's Home . . . 128
Written in a Shady Valley . 218

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.
The Coral Insect 222
Flora's Party 200

CHARLOTTE SMITH.
The First Swallow 63
The Calendar of Flora . . . 220
The Glow-Worm 83
Silent Monitors 54
The Thrush 128

HORACE SMITH.
Address to an Egyptian Mummy 139
Hymn to the Flowers . . . 199
On the Death of George the Third 166

SOUTHEY.
The Cataract of Lodore . . . 68
My Library 78
Night 17
Remembrance 42
The Sea-Shore 218

SPENSER.
Description of a Butterfly . . 123
Trees Characterized 93

Miss TAYLOR.
The Squire's Pew 49

THOMSON. Page
Advantages of Exercise to Health 250

TUCKER.
The Days of my Youth . . . 13

BISHOP TURNER.
Sunday at Sea 138

DR. WALCOT.
The Glow-Worm 242

WARTON.
Sunshine after a Shower . . 209
Evening 235
The First of April 246
Ode to Fancy 282

CORNELIUS WEBBE.
The Coming-in of Spring . . 110
The Weaver's Wife 104

WHITE, of Selborne.
The Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk 57

KIRKE WHITE.
To the Harvest Moon . . . 232
Summer Evening at the Farm 232
Ode on Disappointment . . . 44
The Wandering Boy 182
The Wish 185

WILCOX.
Sunset in September 46

WILKS.
Steam and the Steam-Engine . 148
The Oriole's Nest 193

WILLIAMS.
Content 91
Spring 120

WILLIS.
The Boy 59
Saturday Afternoon 53
Spring 74

WILSON.
A Churchyard Scene 296
The Fairies 317
The Isles of Ocean 310
Mary Gray's Song 273

WOLFE.
The Burial of Sir John Moore 154

WOODWORTH.
The Bucket 65

WOOTTON.
Praise of a Country Life . . 175

WORDSWORTH.
To the Small Celandine . . . 39
The Contrast 58
The Christmas Waits 212

POPULAR POEMS.

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,
Wrinkled and curved, with worldly cares;
'Time is the warp of life,' he said; 'oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!'
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
'Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!'
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins; 'Time!' he replied:
'I've lost it! ah, the treasure!'—and he died.
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, 'Time is but a meteor glare,'
And bade me for Eternity prepare.
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
''Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!'
I asked a spirit lost,—but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cried, 'A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!'
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
'Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell.'
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
'Time is the present hour, the past is fled;

Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.'
I asked Old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past.—
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
'Mortal,' he cried, 'the mystery now is o'er;
Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!'

MARSDEN.

AN ANSWER TO 'WHAT IS TIME?'

'KNOW'ST thou me not?' the deep voice cried;
'So long enjoyed, so oft misused:—
Alternate in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and abused.

'Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away,
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

'Redeem my hours,—the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shalt part for ever.'

SCOTT.

TIME FLIES.

THE moments fly—a minute's gone!
The minutes fly—an hour is run!
The day has fled—the night is here,
Thus flies a week, a month, a year.
A year—alas! how soon it's past;
Who knows but *this* may be my last!
A few short years, how soon they're fled,
And we are numbered with the dead!

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray!
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall!
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! but a while can ye last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod:
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God!

Tucker.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

The time when I played with the king-cup flowers,
Those golden gifts of summer hours;
The time when I danced o'er the purple heath,
And scarcely felt the earth beneath,
And, smiling, looked to the sky above,
That spread o'er me in cloudless love;
When my step was as light as the roving wind,
That kissed the flowers in my tresses twined;
When my eyes undimmed by a dark tear shone,—
That blessed time is gone, is gone!

The time when I loved to sit at noon,
And hearken to the wood-bird's tune;
When the flowers and leaves upon each tree,
Were more than flowers and leaves to me;

When my spirit in fancy floated along,
And around my heart was a dream of song;
The time when I lay by the river's side,
That had words for me in its murmuring tide;
When my life, like the waves of the stream went on,
Bright, pure, and sparkling,—is gone, is gone!

And the hours of darkness and days of gloom,
That shadow and shut out joy, are come;
And there's a mist on the laughing sea,
And the flowers and leaves are nought to me;
And on my brow are furrows left,
And my lip of ease and smile is reft;
And the time of gray hairs and trembling limbs,
And the time when sorrow the bright eye dims,
And the time when death seems nought to fear,
So sad is life,—is here, is here!

But the time when the quiet grave shall be
A haven, a resting-place for me;
When the strong ties of earth are wrenched,
And the burning fever of life is quenched;
When the spirit shall leave its mortal mould,
And face to face its God behold;
When around it joy and gladness shall flow,
Purer than ever it felt below;
When heaven shall be for ever its home,—
Oh! this holiest time is still to come!

BROWNE.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all His works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom planned;
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament thy eye,
Thither His path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

The forests in His strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

MONTGOMERY.

DAYBREAK.

SEE the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel, from the boughs,
Leaps to get him nuts and fruit:
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MORNING.

WHEN through the morning's fleecy veil,
The early sun looks forth with softened rays,
Like a stilled infant smiling in his tears;
When, lightly curling on the dewy air,
The cottage smoke doth wind its path to heaven;
When larks sing shrill, and village cocks do crow,

And lows the heifer loosened from her stall;
When heav'n's soft breath plays on the woodman's brow,
And every harebell and wild tangled flower
Smells sweetly from its cage of chequered dew;
When merry huntsmen wind the echoing horn,
And from its covert starts the fearful prey;
Who, warmed with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,
Shut up from all the fair creation offers!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

EVENING.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course has run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from underground,
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come, as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease,
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.

Now good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids: so farewell;
Thus I end my evening knell.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist, no little cloud
Breaks the serene of heaven.
In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Around her steady ray
The desert circle spreads:
Like the round ocean, girded by the sea.
How beautiful is night!—SOUTHEY.

THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free;
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Sun and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee,
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee,
With the rainbow's glorious grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey,
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his way.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen in the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold,
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;—
'Twas not like the Sun as at mid-day we view,
Nor the Moon that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

Like a spirit it came, in the van of a storm!
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form.
For it looked not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence! bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the Flood, to the exit of time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind He pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds,
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurled,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain,
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain:

Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone the Sun:
A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just banished, or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song:
To all who beheld it, these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord:
Each full heart expanded,—grew warm, and adored!

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That bow, from my sight, passed for ever away:
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

CAMPBELL.

THE COMET.

MYSTERIOUS Stranger! whence art thou? and wherefore on thy way?
Is thy bright path beset with suns which yield eternal day;
Com'st thou from 'neath the great white throne, a messenger of ill,
To pour o'er earth the vial drops that burn, and blight, and kill?

Art thou that fallen mighty One, who filled an angel's throne,
Now wandering in immensity, there ever doomed to roam;
Canst thou not view that land afar, once thine own happy seat,
And sigh for the bright and beautiful which there in gladness meet?

Or art thou only the red-car, the fiery-wheeled throne
Of some archangel, on his way to regions yet unknown?
Or the chariot of the Cherubim, from the mercy-seat on high,
By Him on gracious errand sent, whose glory fills the sky?

But art thou, as I ween thou art, a world both bright and fair,
The work of an Almighty Hand, the object of his care?
'Twas He who marked thy radiant course with his unerring line,
And bade thee in his gem-paved courts in blazing beauty shine.

O, canst thou tell what is yon zone, yon star-bespangled way,
Circling the vast unbounded space with mild enduring ray?
Is its broad circuit a bright path to the archangels given,
Or the diamond walls and minarets of their palaces in Heaven?

Dost thou not pause thee in thy course, nor check thy wild career,
As those most pure and pearly gates and crystal towers draw near?
Do not the perfumed breezes from that land of light and love,
Waft the songs of the redeemed, all other songs above?

Hast thou never in thy wanderings through the trackless fields of light,
Met the countless armed host of Heaven arrayed with power and might?
Nor the ransomed crowds of sinners in their voyage to that shore
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary toil no more?

Yes, 'tis to thee the azure way and silvery path is given,
The vast unmeasured star-paved floor of cherubim-trod
Heaven;
Thou art pavilioned far beyond the journeys of the sun,
For when his daily race is o'er, thy journeying's scarce
begun.

Far in the blue ethereal plain, no bound nor landmark
there,
Around thee are the azure wilds, the pure unbreathed air;
But the golden chain that binds thee with an ever-circling
band
Is held by Him who changes not, by an Almighty hand.

And e'en beyond the limits of thy far-stretching chain,
The frontiers of his kingdom lie, Jehovah's wide domain;
And there in that most holy place, where angel foot ne'er
trod,
The brightness of his presence dwells, our own, our fathers'
God!

Be thou an ensign of his wrath, the herald of his will,
Upon earth's guilty nations now his judgments to fulfil,
Or in mercy sent to awake us from life's delusive dream
By Him, who, mighty to create, is mightier to redeem.

Yet thou, with all on this fair earth, or in the sparkling sea,
With the lamps of living gold that light heaven's azure
canopy,
And the pictured scenes, which in silver float, or in floods
of glory roll,
With the crimson curtained skies, shall then be as a burning
scroll.

When on his cloudy throne shall come, the last great Husbandman,
And o'er creation's utmost bounds shall wave his stormy
fan;
Sweeping the guilty sons of men with their pomp and pride
away,
But gathering his redeemed to dwell with him in endless
day.

BROWNLEE.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

I HAVE stood at morn on the mountain's side,
When 'twas bright as morn may be,
And have loved to behold the sun in his pride
Of orient majesty.

I have watched him at noon, in unclouded blaze,
When, one living orb of light,
With unshaded heat, and fiery rays,
He burst on the dazzled sight.

I have seen him sink 'neath the western sky,
And ride on the dark-blue wave,
When, with mild effulgence, he charmed the eye,
And glad feelings of rapture gave.

And I love in the stillness of evening to rove,
And gaze on the starry sky,
Where bright bands in mysterious music move,
And I feel their melody.

But, in glory surpassing, a sight was there,
When the brilliant meteor's light
Illumed the regions of upper air,
'Mid the silent hour of night.

When, in liquid course, those flashes of flame
O'er the dazzled sky were driven,
Outshining the stars, as they onward came,
And crimsoned the face of heaven.

When, in many a shape and many a form,
Those spires of flame shot fast
As the spirit that rides on the whirlwind's storm,
And the steeds of the rushing blast.

Faint type of those all-dreaded glaring fires
That shall rage in future days,
When the loud-sounding trump, from earth's funeral pyres
The mouldering dead shall raise.

And oh! on that dawn of eternity,
May we seek that radiant shore,
Where the tear shall be wiped from every eye,
And sorrow be heard no more.—R. C. P.

SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung;
And this was the song the bright ones sung:—

'Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

'For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
Lo, yonder the living splendours play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

'Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass,
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

'And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews;
And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round!

'Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air, wrapping these spheres of ours,

In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

'Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To wave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the furthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the vale of whose brow our lamps are dim.'

BRYANT.

THE SETTING SUN.

THAT setting sun! that setting sun!
What scenes, since first its race begun,
Of varied hue its eye hath seen,
Which are as they had never been.

That setting sun! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet according thoughts sublime,
In every age and every clime.

'Tis sweet to mark thee sinking slow,
The ocean's fabled caves below,
And when th' obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulse shall cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray,
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious, like thee, sweet setting sun.

THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is up! How calm and slow
She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers with delight
The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains,
And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
Its little ripple leaves;
It falls upon the forest shade,
And sparkles on the leaves.

Lo, once on Judah's evening hills,
The heavenly lustre spread;
The Gospel sounded from the blaze,
And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
Its guiding splendour throws;
Bright in the opening hours of life,
But brighter at the close.

The waning moon, in time, shall fail
To walk the midnight skies;
But God hath warmed this bright light
With fire that never dies.

PEABODY.

TO THE EVENING BREEZE.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice! thou,
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,—
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone:—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,—
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies, that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go! but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaves and running stream.

BRYANT.

THE OCEAN.

OH! tell me no more of the forest and field,
Old Ocean has breathed a new spirit in me:
For the landscape, with all its enchantment, must yield
To the nobler expanse of the dark-heaving sea!

Yet think not my feelings are dead to the scene
Of a country all smiling in summer array,
When the meadows are clad in their brightest of green,
And distance envelopes the mountains in gray.

Not mine the cold pulse, or the heart's leaden chill,
Unmoved to contemplate the mountain or plain,
When the lake and the meadow, the cot and the hill,
Enamelled in beauty before me have lain;

Ye hills and ye shades of sweet DEVON declare,
Where so oft I have strayed with increasing delight,
And have thought that no scenery on earth might compare
With the rich varied views that have greeted my sight.

Yet not upon Nature's mild features alone,
Has my young vivid fancy delighted to dwell,
But such scenes as, in craggy magnificence strown,
Salvator's rude pencil depicted so well.

I have seen the rude torrent rush madly along,
Till plashing and thundering it rolled from the steep;
But what torrent so fierce, and what rushing so strong,
As the billow and roar of the marvellous Deep?

Though merry it is in the thick spicy grove,
When the soft gale is breathing its sighs in the tree,
Though the voice of the zephyr is music and love,
Yet the gush of the waves hath more music for me.

How oft where the proud cliff frowns over the deep,
On some dark rugged brow which no footstep has known,
Have I been in thought, while the world was asleep,—
For I love to hold commune with Ocean alone.

Then, beautiful Moon! thronèd Empress of night,
I have gazed on thy visage so meek and so fair,
While the little waves danced in the pale liquid light,
That lingered so softly and meltingly there.

In that pale liquid beam, as it brightened the seas,
I have marked a small vessel skim rapidly o'er,
While the sail that it bore lightly flapped to the breeze,
In a moment it passed,—and 'twas dark as before.

'Tis an emblem of Man! For, so brief and so vain,
His little life sparkles awhile in the ray;
But turn to the spot where it sparkled, again,
Like a dream of the morn it has melted away.

'Tis an emblem of Man! For that bark re-appears,
When the morning-star beckons the darkness away,
So the Christian, released from his prison of years,
Hails the Star of th' Eternal, and lives in His ray.

Thy way, mighty Ocean, no changing doth know,
Thy footsteps are trackless, thy billows are free,
The vale may be raised, and the mountain made low,
But who shall prescribe any order to thee?

Ah! who, said His voice, whose inscrutable will,
Has the power to destroy, but the mercy to save?
Who said to the wind, and the tempest, 'Be still,'
And calmed the blind wrath of the perilous wave.

Then let our warm tribute of praise and of prayer,
From nature's best works as an incense ascend,
To the throne of that Being who makes us his care,
Whose power has no limit, whose mercy no end.

M.

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night,—our anchored vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright, as he,
The setting sun, was sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When floating in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright-red, while growing on
Our fixed, half-fearful gaze;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And as we looked, we named it, then,
The fount whence all colours came:
There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed full clear,—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not to think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just lingered in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one passed
With a deep, disturbing motion:
The far-down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The uptorn waves rolled hoar,—and, huge,
The far-thrown undulations
Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

ROCKWELL.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From the coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the watchful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

Percival.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked out one still, clear night,
And whispered, 'Now I shall be out of sight:
So through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they.'

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, he crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon was seen
Most beautiful things,—there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers;
And these all pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
'Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,' said he,
'This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall *tchick* to tell them I'm drinking.'

MISS GOULD.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE Wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, 'Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap, galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place.'

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Breaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls;
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about:
And the urchins that stood with their thievish eyes,
For ever on watch, ran off, each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered what ever was coming;
But, offended with such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, 'Now
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!'
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches right through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a Midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the Wind had pressed on, and had met, in a lane,
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his foot in the pool, and his shoe in the mud.

HOWITT.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

'Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt and to sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?'
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid-air suspended.

'Oh, no,' said the Earth, 'thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky,
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

'And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast, in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness;—

'To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

'Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But, true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!'

'Then I will drop,' said the trusting flake;
'But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning:
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

'And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given.'

GOULD.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

EMBLEM of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.
Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.
Where the billows cease to roll,
Round the silence of the pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul!

See, by Greenland, cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled;
Yet the mother loves her child.
  Next on lonely Labrador,
  Let me hear the snow-falls roar,
  Devastating all before.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
—— These my spirit soon forsakes.
  Land of exiled Liberty,
  Where our fathers once were free,
  Brave New England, hail to thee!

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace as thou hast stood.
  The West Indies I behold,
  Like the Hesperides of old,
  —— Trees of life, with fruits of gold!

South America expands
Mountain-forests, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands;
  And a nobler race arise,
  Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
  Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a spectacle awaits!
  The immense Pacific smiles
  Round ten thousand little isles,
  —— Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the Light of life revealed:
  Rays from rock to rock it darts,
  Conquers adamantine hearts,
  And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car,—

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamtschatka's headlands run,
South and east to meet the sun.

Jealous China, strange Japan,
With bewildered thought I scan:
—— They are but dead seas of man.
Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix nests, and halcyon seas,
But I tarry not with these.

Pass we now New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls;
—— World of undiscovered souls!
Bring them forth;—'tis Heaven's decree;
Man, assert thy dignity;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretched between;
Ah! what horrors here have been!
War, disguised as commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire,—lost her name.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.
Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press o'er southern seas.

Cape of Storms, thy sceptre's fled,
And the Angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thy head.
St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep;
There Napoleon's relics sleep.

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves;
Oh! 'twere mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves.
Hercules, thy pillars stand
Sentinels of sea and land;
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors;
Ha! the pirates seize their oars;
—— Fly the desecrated shores.
Egypt's hieroglyphic realm,
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm;
—— Slaves, turned despots, hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.
Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent;
Thou art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent.

And a wind is on the wing
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach and poets sing.
Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud;
Thy refulgent head is bowed.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
—— Look well, tyrants, to your chains.
Feudal realm of old romance,
Spain, thy lofty front advance,
Grasp thy shield, and couch thy lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant bigotry shall fly;
At thy voice, oppression die.
Lusitania, from the dust
Shake thy locks; thy cause is just;
Strike for freedom, strike, and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore;
Thou art not the France of yore;
Thou art new-born France no more.
Sweep by Holland like the blast;
One quick glance at Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia;—all is past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany beware the day
When thy schoolmen bear the sway.

Now to thee, to thee I fly,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
To mine heart, as in mine eye!

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.
While I bid them all be blest,
Britain, thou art my home, my rest;
My own land I love *thee* best!

MONTGOMERY.

SUMMER.

OH! where is the voice of the Summer heard?
In the flow of the stream, in the song of the bird:
In the hum of the honey-laden bee;
In the sound of the reaper's songs of glee;
In the sweet, sad note of the nightingale's song:
Such music doth only to Summer belong.

Oh! where is the smile of the Summer seen?
In the golden cups that spring o'er the green;
In the light that maketh the bright blue sky
Shine like a golden canopy!
But Summer its sweetest smile bestows,
On the crimson leaves of the blushing rose!

Surely, if heaven has given to earth
One thought, in which we may guess its mirth,
'Tis the radiant smile of the Summer glow,
As it wakes into life all things below;
But we are as captive birds, that sigh
To wing our flight to a brighter sky.

C. L. B.

AUTUMN EVENINGS.

IF we could live as we have lived;
If time had left no stain;
If we could dream the holy dreams,
Of childhood's days again;

If once again we rushed to cull
The wild flowers joyously:
How sweet, and bright, and beautiful,
These autumn-eves would be.

Oh! blessed, blessed be the hours,
Although they linger not,
When pure and sinless hearts were ours,
By mount, and stream, and grot:
When reckless in the moonshine cool
We bounded joyously;
How sweet, and bright, and beautiful,
Those evenings used to be!

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

* Common Pilewort.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
  Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
  Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
  That they are all wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
  Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming,—thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
  Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
  In the lane,—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
  Whether we will see or no:
Others, too, of lofty mien;
  They have done as worldlings do,—
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
  Of a joyous train ensuing,
Singing at my heart's command,
  In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

WORDSWORTH.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Tell me, I cried, ye woods, ye plains,
Ye blissful birds around,
Oh, where, in Nature's wide domains,
Can peace for man be found?

The birds wide carolled over head;
The breeze around me blew;
And Nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew.

I asked of *Youth*, 'Could Youth supply
The joys I sought to find?'
Youth paused, and pointed, with a sigh,
Where Age stole on behind.

I turned to *Friendship*.—Friendship mourned,
And thus his answer gave:—
'The friends whom fortune had not turned,
Were vanished in the grave.'

I asked if *Vice* would joy bestow:—
Vice boasted loud and well;
But fading from her pallid brow,
The venomed roses fell.

I questioned *Feeling*, if her skill
Could heal the wounded breast?
And found her sorrows streaming still,
For others' grief distressed.

I questioned *Virtue*:—Virtue sighed,—
No boon could she dispense;
'Nor Virtue, was her name,' she cried,
'But humble Penitence!'

I questioned *Death*:—the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe,—
And '*I* am happiness,' he said,
'If Virtue guides thee here!'—R. H.

REMEMBRANCE.

The remembrance of youth is a sigh.—Ali.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love had no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours,
Before his wished return.

From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam;
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah, no! for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy;
And youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But with the baseless hopes of youth
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

SILENCE.

WHERE dwelleth Silence?—In the cloistered cell?—
The moonlit grove, when e'en the song is o'er
Of night's sweet choristers, and the faint swell
Of evening's latest breeze is heard no more?
Where dwelleth Silence?—On the desert shore,
Where from Creation's birth, no human voice
Hath yet been heard to sorrow or rejoice,
Nor human foot hath dared its wilds explore?—
Are these thy homes, oh! Silence?—No; e'en there
A void comes awful as the solitude,
That humbles nature in her sternest mood,
And quells the fiercest savage in his lair:
In peopled cities, as in waste untrod,
Its tones are mighty,—'tis the voice of God!

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resigned thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet can she smile and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurled,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from Heaven
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
A feverish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh! what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies:
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill,
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

Come, disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me:
Sad monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend the knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God! thy will be done!

KIRKE WHITE.

AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

WE watch the Summer leaves and flowers decay,
And feel a sadness o'er the spirit thrown,
As if the beauty fading fast away
From Nature's scenes, would leave our hearts more lone,
More desolate, when sunny hours are gone,—
And much of joy from outward things we find,
But more from treasures that may be our own
Though Winter's storm, the higher hopes of mind
The *Trust* which soars from Earth—Earth has no chains to bind.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,—
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own:
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted into place,
Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,—
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

THE sun now rests upon the mountain-tops—
Begins to sink behind—is half concealed—
And now is gone: the last faint twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few
Long narrow strips of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpened to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning-stream,
A half-hour's space above the mountain lie;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threatened rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,

All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears:
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye;
Midway the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep;
And here, in the most lovely region, shines,
With added loveliness, the evening star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.
  Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid gold seem half dissolved.
Upon a nearer peak a cluster stands
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
A stately colonnade with verdant roof;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;
While, further northward, through a narrow pass
Scooped in the hither range, a single mount
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
A pyramid of polished sapphire built.
  But now the twilight mingles into one
The various mountains; levels to a plain
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
Where every object to my sight presents
Its shaded side; while here upon these walls,
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks,
Under thick foliage, reflective shows
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
Of the horizon parting heaven and earth!—WILCOX.

MY NATIVE HOME.

A LITTLE boy I left my home,
On the wide sea of bliss to roam;
I steered my bark and spread the sail,
As fickle Fortune urged the gale;
But memory (needle ever true),
My native home! still points to you;
Nor I of tedious hours complain,
Returning to your arms again.

What raptures! when I first shall view
My native hills, in distance blue;
And see the whitened spire arise,
In village smoke amid the skies.
Distorted through the rising tear,
As breaks the scene to memory dear,
And pleasure rises into pain,
I hail my native home again.

I smile or sigh as I survey
My youthful mates, grown sage and gray,
And those I left in manhood's prime
Bending beneath the hand of time.
But when I see th' expanded flower
With beauty deck my native bower,
Delusive fancy takes the rein,
And youth, with home, returns again.

Then let me tread the foot-worn way,
And pensive through the churchyard stray,
O'er friend and kindred heave the sigh,
That 'neath their lowly hillocks lie;
Their humble virtues then peruse,
Recorded by the rustic muse;
Then range with those who yet remain,
Over my native hills again.

APRIL.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
  Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
  The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretel
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Are glancing in the golden sun, along
The forest openings.

And when bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake, the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed. — LONGFELLOW.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow frame,
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And yields the fringe a gem;
The window's gothic frame-work falls,
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away;
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade.

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
That cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn and fleur-de-lis;
How now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore, (as now we call,)
When the first James was king,
The courtly Knight from yonder hall,
Hither his train did bring,
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt,
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Then streaming down the vaulted aisle
The sun-beam long and lone
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription-stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The Knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and his lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he;
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend
Devoutly kneeling side by side;
As though they did intend
For past offences to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
And generations new,
In regular descent from him
Have filled the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the modern-polished Squire
With his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire
A season every year,
And fill the seat with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive, to silent rest,
Another and another guest.

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village-lane,
And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant country through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gently o'er their heads;
While other faces fresh and new,
Shall occupy the Squire's Pew.

MISS TAYLOR.

TO AN OLD OAK.

Round thee, alas! no shadows move,
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe,
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-tossed;
And, as the death-bell smote the wind
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero crossed.

Then Culture came, and days serene,
And village sports and gardens gay;
Full many a pathway crossed the green,
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen,
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy, thunder-fraught!
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought.

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druids saw thee rise,
And, planting there the guardian spell,
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell,
Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening sky;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the long corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!

Rogers.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and 'I bide my time;'
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

WILLIS.

SILENT MONITORS.

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful Monitors, who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-robed children of the Spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphæa rests her lovely head;

But conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid nest,
And sees reflected on the stream
The virgin whiteness of her breast—

Till the bright day-star to the west
Declines in ocean's surge to lave;
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See *Hieracium's* various tribe,
Of plumy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of time their blooms describe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The *Goat's-beard* spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The *Bethlehem Star* her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble *Arenaria* creeps;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within the calyx sleeps.

And those small bells, so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes, the shepherds mark
The hour, when, as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes, serenely blue.

And thou, '*Wee crimson-tipped flower*,'
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom, at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike *Silene*, who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light;
But, when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrances that tell
How fast the wingèd moments fly.

SMITH.

THE ADVENTURER ON THE SEA OF LIFE.

THE gales
Of pleasure haply waft him, and he bounds
Exultingly upon the flattering main;
Nor heeds the inexperienced boy the hints
Of prudence, and the counsels of the wise;
He steers impetuously through dancing waves,
And oceans of illusive bliss, till now,—
Crashing upon her keel, his vessel lies
A total wreck upon th' undreaded reef!
'Avoid the shoal!' the sacred preacher cries;
The volumes of the dead and living ope
The monitory page, alas! in vain.
If Passion hold the helm, and Pleasure fill
The swelling sail, though Reason, Conscience, say
'Avoid the shoal!' the voyager is lost!

CARRINGTON.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE tutored mind here justly learns
How human hopes to prize,
As round these trophied walls she turns
Her meditating eyes.

The sculptured urn, the mimic bust,
The grave in pomp arrayed,
Serve but to teach us man is dust!
His life a fleeting shade!

More than the morning vapour vain,
Which melts away in air,
Unless to wisdom he attain,
And virtue be his care.

Extinguished now is wit's bright fire,
Lost its enlivening themes;
Mute and unstrung the poet's lyre;
Closed fancy's rapturous dreams.

Stop, stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
And to thyself be just:
These mouldering tombs address thine heart:
Catch wisdom from the dust.

Religion, only, forms man's soul
Calmly to view his end;
Can his vain passions best control,—
In life, in death, a friend.

A day will come, in Time's long reign,
(Such hope hath Heaven revealed,)
When graves shall render up again
Those whom they once concealed.

Then shall Creation's mighty Lord
Bid every slumberer rise:
And angels' tongues this truth record—
The *virtuous were the wise.*

KEATE.

THE

NATURALIST'S SUMMER EVENING WALK.

When day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the May-fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still Owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous Hare limps forth to feed;
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant Cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous Curlew call his mate,
Or the soft Quail his tender tale relate;
To see the Swallow skim the darkening plain,
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the Swift, in rapid giddy ring,
Dart round the steeple, unsubdued of wing:
Amusive birds! say, where your hid retreat,
When the frost rages, and the tempests beat?
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,—
The God of Nature is your secret guide!

While deepening shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench, leaf-sheltered, let us stray,
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy Dor come brushing by,
With buzzing wing, or the shrill Cricket cry;
To see the feeding Bat glance through the wood;
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff th' awakened Churn-owl hung,
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
While high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen the soft, enamoured Wood-lark sings;
These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy;
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein.

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell combine,
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay, that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage chimney smoking through the trees.

White, *of Selborne.*

THE CONTRAST.

The Parrot and the Wren.

Within her gilded cage confined
I saw a dazzling belle,
A Parrot, of that famous kind
Whose name was Nonpareil.

Like beads of glossy jet, her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies,
Her finely-curvèd bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven;
But now in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given.

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird,
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired.

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbours a self-contented Wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,
She never tried; the very nest
In which this child of Spring was reared,
Is warmed, through Winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain,
That tells the Hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me by yon placid moon,
If called to choose between the favoured pair,
Which would you be,—the bird of the saloon,
By lady's fingers tended with nice care,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,—
Or Nature's darling of this mossy shed?

WORDSWORTH.

THE BOY.

THERE's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music thrill,
And I in sadness hear it all,—

For like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now,—
  But when amid the earnest game,
He stops as if he music heard,
  And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
  Stands gazing on the empty air
  As if some dream were passing there.

'Tis then that on his face I look,
  His beautiful, but thoughtful face,
And, like a long-forgotten book,
  Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings
  Which time has fettered now,—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
  And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
  Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
  And life itself is in excess,—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardour straining high,
  How in his heart will spring
A feeling, whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all:
  And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

WILLIS.

TO A HEDGE-SPARROW.

LITTLE flutterer! swiftly flying,
  There is none to harm thee near;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying:
  Little flutterer! cease to fear.

One who would protect thee ever,
From the school-boy, kite, and hawk,
Musing now obtrudes, but never
Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel, stealing slyly,
Would permit thy eggs to take;
Not the pole-cat, nor the wily
Adder, nor the writhed snake.

May no cuckoo wandering near thee,
Lay her egg within thy nest,
Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
Be destroyed by such a guest.

Little flutterer! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying:
Little flutterer! cease to fear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the white thorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That over-brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sun-beams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips;
Whilst in the frozen fountain, hark!
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
  Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
  And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
  When birds sang out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
  And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
  Pale, desert woods, within your crowd;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
  Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
  Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
  I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.

EVERGREENS.

WHEN Summer's sunny hues adorn
  Sky, forest, hill, and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
  In contrast seems a shadow.

But when the tints of Autumn have
  Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
  Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth
  Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
  May be bright hopes to-morrow.

PINKNEY.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

The gorse is yellow on the heath
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding, and beneath
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath—
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, Summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof, your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the gray dawn of day.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

FIELD FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem,
Man's frailty to portray;
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away;
Teach this, and, oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know:
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no word of cheer?
Oh, yes, ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where, wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say that He, who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

BLACKWOOD'S *Magazine.*

HERRICK'S* LITANY.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

* A poet of the time of Charles the First.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell:
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in his well.

WOODWORTH.

THE BANKS OF THE DOVE.

ADIEU to the Banks of the Dove!
My happiest moments are flown;
I must leave the retreats that I love
For scenes far remote and unknown;

But wherever my lot may be cast,
Whatever my fortune may prove,
I shall think of the days that are past;
I shall sigh for the Banks of the Dove.

Ye friends of my earliest youth,
From you how reluctant I part;
Your friendships were founded in truth,
And shall ne'er be erased from my heart.

Companions, perhaps, I may find,
But where shall I meet with such love,
With attachments so lasting and kind,
As I leave on the Banks of the Dove?

Thou sweet little village, farewell!
Every object around thee is dear,
Every woodland, and meadow, and dell,
Where I wandered for many a year.

Ye villas and cots, so well known,
Will your inmates continue to love?
Will ye think on a friend, when he's gone
Far away from the Banks of the Dove.

But oft has the Dove's crystal wave
Flowed lately commixed with my tears,
Since my mother was laid in her grave,
Where yon hallowed turret appears.

O, Sexton, remember the spot,
And lay me beside her I love,
Whenever this body is brought
To sleep on the Banks of the Dove.

Till then, in the visions of night,
Oh, may her loved spirit descend;
And tell me, though hid from my sight,
She still is my guardian and friend.

The thoughts of her presence shall keep
My footsteps, when tempted to rove;
And sweeten my woes while I weep
For her, and the Banks of the Dove.

SADLER.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

Deep mists hung over the mariner's grave,
When the holy funeral rite was read;
And every breath on the dark-blue wave,
Seemed hushed, to hallow the friendless dead.

And heavily heaved on the gloomy sea,
The ship that sheltered that homeless one,
As though his funeral-hour should be,
When the waves were still, and the winds were gone.

And there he lay, in his coarse, cold shroud,—
And strangers were round the coffinless;
Not a kinsman was seen among that crowd,—
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless.

No sound from the church's passing bell
Was echoed along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away to tell,
Where the mariner lies in his lasting sleep.

Not a whisper then lingered upon the air,—
O'er his body, one moment, his messmates bent;
But the plunging sound of the dead was there,
And the ocean is now his monument!

But many a sigh, and many a tear,
Shall be breathed, and shed, in the hours to come,—
When the widow and fatherless shall hear
How he died, far, far from his happy home!

Finn.

THE WOUNDED DEER.

The wounded deer pursues her headlong flight,
Pierced by some ambushed archer of the night;
Flies to the woodland with her bounding fawn,
While drops of blood bedew the verdant lawn,
There hid in shades she shuns the cheerful day,
Hangs o'er her young, and weeps her life away.

Darwin.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the Water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,

And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

MOUNT HOREB.

On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood,
  The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane, in angry mood,
  Swept by him strong and fast:
The forests fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered by its course;
  God rode not in the blast;
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased—the air was mute—a cloud
  Came, hiding up the sun;
When through the mountains, deep and loud,
  An earthquake thundered on.
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair;
  God was not in the storm;—
'Twas but the rolling of his car,—
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again, and Nature stood,
  And calmed her ruffled frame;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
  To earth devouring came:
Down to the depths the ocean fled,
The sickening sun looked wan and dead;
  Yet God filled not the flame;—
'Twas but the fierceness of his eye,
That lighted through the troubled sky.

At last, a voice, all still and small,
  Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so clear and shrill, that all
  In heaven and earth might hear:
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above;
  And God himself was near!
For, oh! it was a Father's voice,
That bade his trembling world rejoice.

Speak, gracious Lord! speak ever thus;
And let thy terrors prove
But harbingers of peace to us,
But heralds of thy love!
Come through the earthquake, fire, and storm,
Come in thy mildest, sweetest form,
And all our fears remove!
One word from thee is all we claim,
Be that one word, a Saviour's name!

EARLY RISING.

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower;
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild kid sports merrily.
The sun is bright, the skies are clear,
Wake, lady! wake, and hasten here.

Up! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air:
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream
Is dancing in the sunny beam.
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay,
Leave thy soft couch, and haste away.

Up! time will tell, the morning bell
Its service-sound has chimèd well:
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,
Lo! while thou sleep'st, they haste away.

MISS BAILLIE.

MAN'S MORTALITIE.

Like as the damaske-rose you see,
Or like the blossome on the tree,
Or like the dainty floure of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sunne, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Ionas had.
Even such is man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flyes;
The gourd consumes, and man he dyes.

Like to the grasse that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun:
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled deaw of May;
Or like an houre, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
Even such is man, who liues by breath;
Is here, now there: so life and death.
The grasse withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flowne, the deaw's ascended,
The houre is short, the span not long;
The swan's neer death: man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brooke,
Or in a glasse much like a looke,
Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dreame,
Or like the glyding of a streame;
Euen such is man, who liues by breath;
Is here, now there: so life and death.
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,
The shuttl's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dreame is gone;
The water glides: man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of watery flow,
Or like the time 'twixt floude and ebbe,
Or like the spider's tender webbe,
Or like a race, or like a goale,
Or like the dealing of a dole:
Euen such is man, whose brittle state
Is alwayes subject vnto fate.
The arrow's shot, the flood soone spent,
The time no time, the web soone rent,
The race soone run, the goale soone won,
The dole soone dealt, man's life first done.

Like to the lightning from the skie,
Or like a post that quicke doth hie,
Or like a quauer in short song,
Or like a journey three dayes long,
Or like the snow when svmmer's come,
Or like the peare, or like the plum:
Euen such is man, who heapes vp sorrow,
Liues but this day, and dyes to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the iourney's so,
The peare doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolues, and so must all.

A.D. 1628.

MAN'S RESURRECTION.

Like to the seed put in earth's wombe,
Or like dead Lazarus in his tombe;
Or like Tabitha being asleepe,
Or Ionas-like within the deepe:
Or like the night, or stars by day,
Which seeme to vanish cleane away:
Euen so this death, man's life bereaues,
But being dead man death deceiues.
The seed it springeth, Lazarus standeth,
Tabitha wakes, and Ionas landeth;
The night is past, the stars remaine,
So man that dyes shall liue againe.

A.D. 1628.

A FAIRY'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sips, there lurk I;
In a cowslip bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's wing do I fly
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPRING.

THE Spring is here,—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters rippling with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet,—
Strange—that they fill not with their tranquil tone,
The spirit walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

WILLIS.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies,—
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping, thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last sad sleep,
Calm *thou* mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES.

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er.—How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odours on the gale.

'Mid yon rich clouds' majestic pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air,
Might rest to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth,—from off the scene,
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature,—yet the same,—
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
Fresh in her youth from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence,—low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose 'the better part,'
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet.
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE HALCYON, OR KING-FISHER.

Why o'er the smooth and glassy wave
Does yonder Halcyon speed so fast?
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her favourite calm, that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flowery spray,
And, frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of joy and play.

See her, when rude the north-wind blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain,—
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

'Descend,' she cries, 'thou hated shower,
Deform my crystal waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of joy and play.'

SHENSTONE.

MY LIBRARY.

"Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample, perhaps, than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand."

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

SOUTHEY.

ON AN HOUR-GLASS.

MARK! the golden grains that pass
Brightly through this channelled glass,
Measuring by their ceaseless fall,
Heaven's most precious gift to all!
Pauseless till its sand be done,
See the shining current run,

Till, its inward treasure shed,
(Lo! another hour has fled!)
Its task performed, its travail past,
Like mortal man, it rests at last.
Yet let some hand invert its flame,
And all its powers return the same,—
For all the golden grains remain
To work their little hour again.
But who shall turn the glass for man,
From which the golden current ran,
Collect again the precious sand
Which time has scattered with his hand,
Bring back life's stream with vital power,
And bid it run another hour?
A thousand years of toil were vain
To gather up a single grain!

J. M.

THE TRAVELLER.

Sweet to the morning traveller
The skylark's earliest song,
Whose twinkling wings are seen by fits,
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and wearily he drags
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell,
That marks his journey's bourn;
But sweeter is the voice of love
That welcomes his return!

FLATTERY AND FRIENDSHIP.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends 'tis hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
While thou hast wherewith to spend.
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice.
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawned on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need.
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful Friend from flattering Foe.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE FADING LILY.

The stream with languid murmur creeps
In Lumin's flowery vale;
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps,
Slow waving to the gale.

Cease, restless gale! it seems to say.
Nor wake me with thy sighing;
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wing are flying.

To-morrow shall the traveller come,
Who late beheld me blooming,
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin.

COLERIDGE.

THE SAILOR'S EVENING SONG.

Long the sun has gone to rest,
Dimmed is now the deepening west;
And the sky hath lost the hue
That the rich clouds o'er it threw;
Lonely on the pale blue sky
Gleam faint streaks of crimson dye;
Gloriously the evening star
Looks upon us from afar;
Aid us o'er the changeful deep,
God of Power;
Bless the sailor's ocean-sleep,
At midnight's hour.

On the stilly twilight air
We would breathe our solemn prayer,—
'Bless the dear ones of our home,
Guide us through the wild wave's foam,
To the light of those dear eyes,
Where our hearts' best treasure lies,
To the love in *one* fond breast,
That unchanging home of rest!
Hear her, when at eventide,
She kneels to pray,
That God would bless, defend, and guide
Those far away!'

Now the moon hath touched the sea,
And the waves all tremblingly
Throw towards heaven their silvery spray,
Happy in the gladdening ray:
Thus, Redeemer, let thy love
Shine upon us from above;
Touched by Thee, our hearts will rise,
Grateful towards the glowing skies;
Guard us, shield us, mighty Lord,
Thou dost not sleep;
Still the tempest with thy word,
Rule the deep!

THE KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful Kid must die;
From crystal spring and flowery mead,
Must in his prime of life recede!

Erewhile in sportive circles round,
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound,
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the flowery margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell,
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravished with the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood,
Then skipped aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how, with eager speed,
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devoured the sound.

His every frolic light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her gentle eye,
To think yon playful Kid must die.

SHENSTONE.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
When abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee!
When the crowd in their sleep were dead,
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower;
Man will not learn to leave his lifeless bed,
And be wise and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower;
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to burst;
In the coolness of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy age will never enjoy;
I will not copy thee, thou miserly bee!

Thou art a fool, thou busy, busy bee!
Thus for another to toil!
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And then he will seize the spoil,
And will murder thee, thou poor little bee!

THE GLOW-WORM.

When on some balmy-breathing night of Spring
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth of mealy wing,
Or from the heath-bell shakes the sparkling dew,
He sees before his inexperienced eyes,
The brilliant glow-worm like a meteor shine
On the turf-bank, surprised and pleased, he cries,
'Star of the dewy grass! I make thee mine.'
Then, ere he sleeps, collects the moistened flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illume his bower;
But in the morning shudders to behold
His shining treasure viewless as the dust!
So fade the world's bright joys to cold and blank disgust.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity! thou better name,
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage:
For, oh! dear child of thoughtful truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning, through th' accustomed mead;
And in the sultry Summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of Autumn crowds
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof, with hermit-eye, I scan
The present works of present man,—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

Coleridge.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy, they said he had got;
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I came there, the old hermit said, 'Well,
Young man, by your looks, you want something, I see;
Now tell me the business that brings you to me?'

'The way to be happy, they say you have got,
And as I want to learn it, I've come to your grot.
Now I beg and entreat, if you *have* such a plan,
That you'll write it me down, as plain as you can.'
Upon which the old hermit went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came back again.

''Tis *being* and *doing*, and *having*, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake;
To *be* what God pleases,—to *do* a man's best,
And to *have* a good heart,—*is the way to be blessed.*'

BYRON.

THE BIRD CAUGHT AT SEA.

PRETTY little feathered fellow,
Why so far from home dost rove?
What misfortune brought thee hither,
From the green embowering grove?
Let thy throbbing heart be still,
Here secure from danger rest thee;
No one here shall use thee ill,
Here no cruel boy molest thee;
Barley-corns and crumbs of bread,
Crystal water, too, shall cheer thee;
On soft sails recline thy head,
Sleep, and fear no danger near thee;
So when kindly winds shall speed us
To the land we wish to see,
Then, sweet captive, thou shalt leave us,
Then amidst the groves be free.

HILL.

ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET.

I LOVE, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise;
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
Of Summer past and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path,
But, through the Winter's weary hours,
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth.

And when my lamp's decaying beam
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age,

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil:

Recall the many-coloured dreams,
That Fancy fondly weaves for youth;
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth;

Perchance, observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures, feebly bright,
May lighten this life's varied gloom.

I love the quiet midnight hour,
When Care, and Hope, and Passion sleep,
And Reason, with untroubled power,
Can her late vigils duly keep;—

I love the night; and sooth to say,
Before the merry birds, that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
Prefer the Cricket's grating wing.

But see! pale Autumn strews her leaves,
Her withered leaves, o'er Nature's grave,
While giant Winter she perceives,
Dark rushing from his icy cave;

And in his train the sleety showers,
That beat upon the barren earth;
Thou, Cricket, through these weary hours,
Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

NORTON.

THE BETTER LAND.

'I HEAR thee speak of the Better Land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!'

MRS. HEMANS.

DEATH.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death!—Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them.—
Hear me, O gracious God!—At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance armed,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion),
On this world's brink, and look into the next,—
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrenched
From this fair scene, from all her 'customed joys
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edged torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherished in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once let down from heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, O still harder lesson! how to die,
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain;—forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating heaven,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumbering clay,
And, on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into liberty, and light, and life.

Bishop Porteus.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep:
Last night the Sun went pale to bed,
The Moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky:
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine;
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,—
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

JENNER.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

'WHENCE art thou, whose warblings wild
On mine ear so sweetly dwell?'—
'I'm a hapless orphan child,
Bringing water from the well.

'If my songs thine ear offend,
I will quickly silent be;
Here I am, without a friend;
Moslem! speak—I'll list to thee.'

'Little innocent, awhile
Will I shade me from the sun;
With thy songs an hour beguile,
And reward thee when 'tis done.'

'Much I fear my accents rude
And my songs would worthless be,
Should my singing be pursued
Hopeful of a gift from thee.

'Unconstrained, with simple voice,
Did my words unheeded flow;
I must never more rejoice,—
Grief's the lot of man below!

'With my father's last embrace,
This he said, and dropped a tear,
Left our home with hurrying pace,
Bade my mother nothing fear.

'He was doomed in fight to fall,
Quickly were the tidings known;
Soon she heard the angel call,
Died, and left her child alone.

'Friendless, unprotected, here,
Want must still my portion be;
Pity, then, my lot severe;—
Gentle Moslem! pity me.'

'Child of sorrow, wealth is mine;
Pity leads my heart to prove
If a spirit dwells in thine,
Fraught with gratitude and love.

'I will take thee, orphan child,
And adopt thee as my own,
Cease not then thy warblings wild,
Though thy toilsome days be flown.

'I'll protect thy tender years,
Henceforth thy instructor be;
Little warbler, dry thy tears,
Leave thy cruse and follow me.'

FOX.

CONTENT.

How glad with smiles the vernal morn!
How gay the dew-bespangled thorn!
The lark is up, the welkin rings,
And with his flock the shepherd sings.
Oh! let my days with his be spent,
In rural shades with mild content.

The blackbird warbles on the bough,
The milkmaid sings beneath her cow,
The mower, up with early dawn,
Prepares to fleece the covered lawn;
The farmer views his blooming wheat,
And starts the leveret from her seat:
Whilst I this lonely vale frequent,
To muse the praises of content.

Pleased with my little flock of sheep,
That on my native downs I keep,
Mine are the joys of peace and health,
And sure I want no greater wealth:
No vain desires my soul infest,
Nor dwells ambition in my breast,
Heaven all such follies to prevent,
Tamed all my thoughts to calm content.

WILLIAMS.

THE MISER.

Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and laboured all the day.
And what was this allurement dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity; good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And, to complete the horrid murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe.

Most for the luxuries it bought, the pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown,
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly further gone,
With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up,
The Miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him, at the midnight hour,—
When good men slept, and, in light-winged dreams,
Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags,
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish senses seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed;
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth,
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,

And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased!
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with Death.
Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch,
He sat among his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed, and 'midst abundance died,
Sorest of evils! died of utter want.

POLLOK.

TREES CHARACTERIZED.

THE sailing *Pine;* the *Cedar,* proud and tall;
The vine-prop *Elm;* the *Poplar,* never dry;
The builder *Oak,* sole king of forests all;
The *Aspern,* good for staves; the *Cypress,* funeral;
The *Laurel,* meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the *Fir* that weepeth still;
The *Willow,* worn of hopeless paramours;
The *Yew,* obedient to the bender's will;
The *Birch,* for shafts; the *Sallow* for the mill;
The *Myrrh,* sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike *Beech;* the *Ash,* for nothing ill;
The fruitful *Olive,* and the *Platane* round,
The carver *Holm,* the *Maple,* seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

TO A FROG.

POOR being! wherefore dost thou fly,
Why seek to shun my gazing eye,
And palpitate with fear?
Indulge a passing traveller's sight,
And leap not on in vain affright,—
No cruel foe is here.

I would but pause awhile to view
Thy dappled coat of many a hue,
Thy rapid bounds survey;
And see how well thy limbs can glide
Along the sedge-crowned streamlet's side,
Then journey on my way.

A FAIRY SONG.

Come, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab your queen;
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through the keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house is swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid;
For every night, before we go,
We drop a sixpence in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head,
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
The diet that we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

SHAKSPEARE.

LINES IN PRAISE OF A GOOSE-QUILL.

The words of the wise man thus preach to us all,
'Despise not the worth of those things that are small.'

THE quill of the goose is a very slight thing,
Yet it feathers the arrow that flies from the string:
Makes the bird it belongs to rise high in its flight,
And the jack it has oiled against dinner go right.
It brightens the floor when turned to a broom,
And brushes down cobwebs at the top of the room;
Its plumage by age into figures is wrought;
It's as soft as the hand, and as quick as the thought;
It warms in a muff, and cools in a screen,
It is good to be felt, it is good to be seen,
When, wantonly waving, it makes a fine show
On the crest of the warrior, or that of the beau.
The quill of the goose (I shall never have done,
If through all its perfections and praises I run,)
Makes the harpsichord vocal, which else would be mute:
And enlivens the sound, the sweet sound of the flute;
Records what is written, in verse or in prose,
By Ramsay, by Cambray, by Boyle, or Despreaux.
Therefore well did the wise man thus preach to us all,
'Despise not the worth of those things that are small.'

BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, and from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and gay desire;
Wood and dales are of thy dressing,
Hill and valley own thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

Mystic trifle, whose perfection
Lies in multiplied reflection,
Let us from thy sparkling store
Draw a few reflections more.
In thy magic circle rise
All things men so dearly prize,
Stars, and crowns, and glittering things,
Such as grace the courts of kings;
Beauteous figures ever twining,
Gems with brilliant lustre shining;
Turn the tube; how quick they pass,—
Crowns and stars prove broken glass!
Trifle! let us from thy store
Draw a few reflections more.
Who could from thy outward case
Half thy hidden beauties trace?
Who from such exterior show
Guess the gems within that glow?
Emblem of the mind divine,
Cased within its mortal shrine!
Once again: the miser views
Thy sparkling gems, thy golden hues;
And, ignorant of thy beauty's cause,
His own conclusions sordid draws;
Imagines thee a casket fair
Of gorgeous jewels rich and rare;
Impatient his insatiate soul
To be the owner of the whole,
He breaks thee ope, and views within
Some bits of glass,—a tube of tin!
Such are riches, valued true,
Such the illusions men pursue!

W. H. M.

THE BANKS OF YARROW.

Thy banks were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first by them I met my lover;
Thy banks, how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.

For ever now, oh, Yarrow stream!
Art thou to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers:
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers:
He promised me a wedding-ring,
The wedding day was fixed to-morrow:
—Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave at Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister, weeping, walked
The greenwood path, to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, oh, wretched mother!
No longer weep, thou lovely maid,
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him east and west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell, a lifeless corse, in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;*
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then by thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now by him she sleeps in Yarrow.

LOGAN.

* Husband.

NOTHING.

Mysterious Nothing! How shall I define
  Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size are thine,
  Nor words, nor figures, can thy void express.
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
  To thee a thousand things may likened be;
And though thou art nobody, and nowhere,
  Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain!
  How many heads thy mighty plans pursue!
What labouring hands thy portion only gain!
  What busy men thy only doings do!
To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And, like my sonnet, all in Nothing end.

Porson.

TIME.

Time's an hand's-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle on its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-lived fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepared, O man! to die.

Francis Quarles, 1634.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea,
Come, and I will lead the way
Where the pearly treasures be.
Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow;
Follow! follow! follow me!

Come! behold what treasures lie,
Far beneath the rolling waves;
Riches hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away,
Follow! follow! follow me!

ENGLAND'S MERRY BELLS.

Hail! hail to England's merry bells!
How oft, when in a foreign clime,
I've heard the never-varying chime,
Which falls like sadness on the ear,
And speaks of vows and penance drear!
How oft my wandering thoughts would roam
To England's free and happy home,
Her cultured fields and woody dells,
And sigh for England's merry bells!

Hail! hail to England's merry bells!
Long stand those holy fanes which send
Your peaceful music o'er the land!
May they resound to latest days
With sacred hymns of prayer and praise!
And long may public, private weal,
Be welcomed by an echoing peal!
I love to hear that joyful tone,
Which makes our neighbour's bliss our own;
Of frank and social joy it tells,
Diffused by England's merry bells!

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair Bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant, thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the Bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

A WINTER EVENING IN THE LIBRARY.

'Tis Winter, cold and rude,
Heap, heap the warming wood;
The wild wind hums his sullen song to-night;
Oh, hear that pattering shower!
Haste, boy!—this gloomy hour
Demands relief; the cheerful tapers light.

Though now my home around
Still roars the wintry sound,
Methinks 'tis Summer by this festive blaze!
My books, companions dear,
In seemly ranks appear,
And glisten to my fire's far-flashing rays.

* * * *

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
Which cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I WONDER what they've done with the pine,
Where the redbreast came to sing,—
With the maple, too, where the wandering vine
So wildly used to fling
Its loaded arms from bough to bough,
And if they gather the grapes there now.

I should like to know if they've kill'd the bee,
And carried away the hive;
If they've broken the heart of my chestnut-tree,
Or left it still to survive,
And its laughing burs are showering down
Their loosened treasures of shining brown.

And there was a beautiful pond, that stood
Like an ample azure vase;
Or a mirror embosomed in wild greenwood,
For the sun to see his face:
Have they torn up its lilies, to open a sluice,
And let that peaceful prisoner loose?

Perhaps they've ruined the ancient oak,
That gave me its grateful shade!
And its own dead root in its bed is broke,
By the plough from its branches made;
Nor am I sure I could find the spot
Where I had my bower and my mossy grot.

And shall I go back to my first loved home,
To find how all is changed?
Alone o'er those altered scenes to roam,
From my early self estranged?
Shall I bend me o'er the glassy brook,
No more on the face of a child to look?

No! no! for that loveliest spot upon earth
Let memory's charm suffice!
But the spirit will long to the place of her birth
From time and its change to rise;
To soar and recover her final bloom,
When Death with his trophy has stopped at the tomb.

MISS GOULD.

THE INVITATION TO BIRDS.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And shun the noontide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
And weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the livelong day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool transparent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
Here shows his ruddy face;
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sweet nightingale, oh! quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sadly-pleasing song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a safe asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh! let me thus your friendship bribe,
Come, feed without reserve.

For you those cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pecked,
But sweeter far your song.

Graves.

THE WEAVER'S WIFE.

Oh, Willy, you're a weaver good
As ever shuttle threw,—
The bird which threads the tangled wood,
Winds not his way more true;
But, Willy, you're an old man now,
Your hand flies not so fast;
The drift of age is on your brow,—
Your working-day is past!

Ah! 'tis a long day, Will, since when
I knew thee but a child,
As lively as the jerking wren,
As warbling woodlark wild;—
These locks were then of youthful white,
Which now are aged gray;
These failing eyes were full of light
As heaven is in May.

'Tis time has changed you only, Will,
You have not changed yourself,
By passions which their thousands kill,
Nor sold your days for pelf;
Our children bless your aged head,
Their children bless it too;
And when you rest among the dead,
Their tears will follow you.

Then let me kiss that comely cheek,
Where lingers still the smile
That cheered me, when the world was bleak,
With many a pleasant wile.
This hand, that trembles now in mine,
The tear that fills your eye,
Confess our hearts know no decline,
Nor shall they till we die!

God meant us for each other, Will,
For both our lives have run
Together, and are woven still
Like many threads in one!

In infancy I mind it well,
Our mothers, in their glee,
Paired Willy Green with Lucy Bell,
And so it came to be.

I've been your wife now fifty years,
And have endured my share
Of mothers' pangs and mothers' fears,
But not an hour of care!
Smooth as the current at our door,
My days ran calm and even,
Cheered on by hope when we were poor,—
Our confidence in heaven.

We have not far to tread the hill,
Ere we shall part with pain;
But there's a world beyond us, Will,
Where we shall meet again;
Our love, which here had little dross,
Shall there be more refined;
And all our sins—oh, welcome loss!
Forgotten, left behind.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed by a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encompassed the flower
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the beautiful spot where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it,—it fell to the ground.

COWPER.

TIME.

TIME speeds away—away—away:
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away,
Like torrent in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that blest;
And leaves us weeping on the shore
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away:
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills, can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless Eternity.

KNOX.

TO A LITTLE BOY,

WHO HAD DESTROYED A NEST OF YOUNG BIRDS.

O CRUEL!—could thy infant bosom find
No pleasure but in others' misery?
Come, let me tear *thee* from thy parents' arms,
As thou hast torn these half-fledged innocents,
And dash thee naked on the cold bare stones,
All in thy tender mother's aching sight.—
But thou art young, and knowest not yet the cares,
The pangs, the feelings of an anxious paren t,
Else would thy heart, by sad experience taught,
Weep o'er the little ruined family,
And mourn the ill thy cruel hand has done.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as well the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning:
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court,—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight,—Eyes should be shut.

Cowper.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed?

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On Ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full Moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mis-spent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
  Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views,
  Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
  Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
  So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
  When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
  From sin and suffering cease;
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends,—such death be mine!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE ALPS AT DAYBREAK.

THE sun-beams streak the azure skies,
  And line with light the mountain's brow;
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
  And chase the roe-buck through the snow.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
  Up craggy steeps and ridges rude,
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
  From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
  And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
  Perched like an eagle's nest on high.

ROGERS.

THE COMING-IN OF SPRING.

The voice of Spring,—the voice of Spring,
I hear it from afar!—
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And ray of morning star:
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
It throbs along the main,—
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain.

The Cuckoo's call from hill to hill
Announces he is nigh;
The nightingale has found the rill
She loved to warble by;
The thrush to sing is all athirst,
But will not till he see
Some sign of him,—then out will burst
The treasured melody!

He comes, he comes! Behold, behold!
That glory in the east,
Of burning beams of glowing gold,
And light by light increased!
The heavy clouds have rolled away
That darkened sky and earth,
And blue and splendid breaks the day,
With universal mirth.

Already, to the skies the lark
Mounts fast on dewy wings—
Already, round the heaven, hark,
His happy anthem rings—
Already, Earth unto her heart
Inhales the genial heat—
Already, see the flowers start
To beautify his feet!

The violet is sweetening now
The air of hill and dell;
The snow-drops, that from Winter's brow
As he retreated fell,
Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers
Where late the wild storm whirled,
And warmer rays, with length'ning days,
Give verdure to the world.

The work is done;—but there is one
Who has the task assigned,—
Who guides the serviceable Sun,
And gathers up the wind,—
Who showers down the needful rain
He measures in His hand,—
And rears the tender-springing grain,
That life may fill the land.

The pleasant Spring, the joyous Spring!
His course is onward now;
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And beauty on his brow;
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
And throbs along the main,—
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

TWILIGHT.

I LOVE thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns.
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase,
Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace.
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast;
Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,—
An awful vision opens on my soul.

MONTGOMERY.

THE BEE'S WINTER RETREAT.

Go, while summer suns are bright,
Take at large thy wandering flight:
Go, and load thy tiny feet
With every rich and various sweet;
Cling around the flowering thorn,
Dive in the woodbine's honied horn:
Seek the wild rose that shades the dell,
Explore the foxglove's freckled bell;
Or in the heath-flower's fairy cup
Drink the fragrant spirit up.

But when the meadows shall be mown,
And summer garlands overblown,
Then come, thou little busy bee,
And let thy homestead be with me:
There, sheltered by the straw-built hive,
In my garden thou shalt live:
There for thee, in autumn blows
The Indian pink and latest rose,
The mignionette perfumes the air,
And stocks, unfading flowers, are there.

Yet think not when the tempests come,
And drive thee to thy waxen home,
That I shall then, most treacherously,
For thy honey murder thee;
Ah, no!—throughout the winter drear
I'll feed thee, that another year
Thou may'st renew thy industry
Among the flowers, thou busy bee!

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE DISCONTENTED.

THERE'S discontent from sceptre to the swain,
And from the peasant to the king again.
Then whatsoever in thy will afflict thee,
Or in thy pleasure seem to contradict thee,
Give it a welcome as a wholesome friend,
That would instruct thee to a better end.
Since no condition from defect is free,
Think not to find what here can never be.

ALEX. NICCHOLES.

FAME.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
Applauding most what least deserved applause.
The motive, the result, was nought to her,—
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widows' tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind, her organ, so she changed
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

Such was her nature, and her practice such,—
But oh! her voice was sweet to mortal ears,
And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
That many thought to live without her song
Was rather death than life—To live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised,
Unepitaphed! to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms,
And leave no whispering of a name on earth!
Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled
The blood. Who could endure it? who could choose
Without a struggle, to be swept away
From all remembrance, and have part no more
With living men? Philosophy failed here,
And self-approving pride. Hence it became
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
A name, to leave some vestige as they passed,
That following ages might discern they once
Had been on earth, and acted something there.

Pollok.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blessed,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife—
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
'Where shall *that land*, that *spot of earth* be found?'
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE MILK-MAID.

HARK! to yonder milk-maid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowslips all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Poured a song so void of care.

Happy she, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, blithe to rove,
Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

SHENSTONE.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither 'toil nor spin,'
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they are all apparelled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy, careless creatures! of time they take no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, 'Would God that it were day!'

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the final doom, on Nature's holy breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay,—
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they?

MISS BOWLES.

THE POPLARS.

THE poplars are felled, adieu to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in their leaves,
Nor the Ouse on its surface their image receives.

Twelve years had elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew,
When behold! on their sides in the grass they were laid,
And I sate on the trees under which I had strayed.

The blackbird had sought out another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his notes had oft charmed me before,
Shall resound with his smooth-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hastening away,
And I must myself lie as lowly as they,
With a turf at my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove rises up in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
And I think of the frailty of man and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

COWPER.

THE DEATH OF FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood!
Alas! they all are in the graves,—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the Summer glow:
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in Autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up, and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

THE LINNET'S NEST.

The busy birds, with nice selection, cull
Soft thistle-down, gray moss, and scattered wool;
Far from each prying eye the nest prepare,
Formed of warm moss, and lined with softest hair.
Week after week, regardless of her food,
The incumbent linnet warms her future brood;
Each spotted egg with ivory bill she turns,
Day after day with fond impatience burns;
Hears the young prisoner chirping in his cell,
And breaks in hemispheres the fragile shell.

Darwin.

THE HUNTING MORNING.

Waken! lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day.
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they;
Waken! lords and ladies gay.

Waken! lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray:
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming!
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green.
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken! lords and ladies gay.

We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed.
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken! lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder, chant the lay!
Waken! lords and ladies gay;
Tell them, youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE REPOSE AFTER THE CHASE.

HUNTSMAN, rest! thy chase is done;
Sleep, and may soft dreams assail ye,
Fear not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie:
Sleep! the deer is in his den,
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream, in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest; the chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no horn shall sound reveillie.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE OWL.

WHILE moonlight, silvering all the walls,
Through every mouldering crevice falls,
(Tipping with white his powdery plume,
As shades or shifts the changing gloom,)
The owl that, watching in the barn,
Sees the mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept,—until he spies
The little beast within his stretch,—
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch!

BUTLER.

SPRING.

When early primroses appear,
And vales are decked with daffodils,
I hail the new-reviving year,
And soothing hope my bosom fills;
The lambkin bleating on the plain,
The swallow, seen with gladdened eye,
The welcome cuckoo's merry strain,
Proclaim the joyful summer nigh.

The ploughman whistling o'er the lea,
The clacking of yon distant mill,
The throstle on the budding tree,
The towering skylark's early trill,
The whispers of the western breeze,
The prattling brook that winds along,—
Such sylvan sounds my fancy please,
Supply my theme of early song.

The fruitful orchard's lovely bloom
Now ushers in the sprightful May;
The skies have lost their wintry gloom,
The chilling gales are flown away;
Returning nightingales appear,
And charm with song the midnight hour;
And I their melting notes to hear,
Frequent my lone sequestered bower.

Williams.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

Part, clouds, away! and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft! mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To bid my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill,
Give my sweet love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow!

HAYWOOD.

MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale,
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

PERCIVAL.

LONDON.

Hail! thou city-giant of the world!
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,
But in the dimness of eternal smoke,
For ever rising like an ocean-steam,
Dost mantle thine immensity; how vast
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,
In dusky masses staring at the skies!
Time was, and dreary solitude was here;
When night-black woods, unvisited by man,
In howling conflict wrestled with the winds:
But now the storm-roll of unmingled life
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills
With living sound the airy reach of miles!
Thou more than Rome! For never from her heart
Such universe-awaking spirit poured
As emanates from thine. The mighty globe
Is fevered by thy name; a thousand years,
And silence has not known thee! What a weight
Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scene
Derive; and when the blasting trumpet smites
All cities to destruction, who will sink
Sublime with such a thunder-crash as thou!

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees
That in unviolated forests frown;
Myriads of streets, whose river-windings flow
With viewless billows of unweary sound;
Myriads of hearts in full commotion mixed,
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,—
And there is London—England's heart and soul!
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her greatness; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world!

Robert Montgomery.

DESCRIPTION OF A BUTTERFLY.

He the gay garden round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious, busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But feeds upon the pleasures of each place,
And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He seeks, his dainty sense to gratify;
Now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth on some bank thereby
To sun himself, and his moist wings to dry.

SPENSER.

A WINTER'S SONG.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped, and ways are foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-whoo!—a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-whoo!—a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as a vestal fire:
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home;

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

Mrs. Hale.

AUTUMN.

The dying year! the dying year!
The heaven is clear and mild;
And withering all the fields appear
Where once the verdure smiled.

The Summer ends its short career;
The zephyr breathes farewell;
And now upon the closing year
The yellow glories dwell.

The radiant clouds float slow above
The lake's transparent breast;
In splendid foliage all the grove
Is fancifully dressed.

On many a tree the Autumn throws
Its brilliant robes of red;
As sickness lights the cheeks of those
It hastens to the dead.

That tinge is flattering and bright,
But tells of death like this;
And they that see its gathering light,
Their lingering hopes dismiss.

Oh, thus serene, and free from fear,
Shall be our last repose;
Thus, like the Sabbath of the year,
Our latest evening close.

PEABODY.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

MINUTEST of the feathered kind,
Possessing every charm combined,
Nature, in forming thee designed
That thou shouldst be,
A proof within how little space
She can comprise such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.

Those burnished colours to bestow,
Her pencil in the heavenly bow
She dipped, and made thy plumes to glow
With every hue
That in the dancing sunbeam plays,
And with the ruby's vivid blaze,
Mingled the emerald's lucid rays
With halcyon blue.

Then placed thee under genial skies,
Where flowers and shrubs spontaneous rise,
With richer fragrance, bolder dyes
By her endued;
And bade thee pass thy happy hours,
In tamarind shades and palmy bowers,
Extracting from unfading flowers,
Ambrosial food.

There, lovely bee-bird, mayst thou rove,
Through spicy vale and citron grove,
And woo and win thy fluttering love,
With plume so bright;
There rapid fly, more heard than seen
'Mid orange boughs of polished green,
With glowing fruits, and flowers between,
Of purest white.

There feed and take thy balmy rest,
There weave thy little cotton nest,
And may no cruel hand molest
Thy timid bride;
Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine
Be offered on th' unfeeling shrine,
Where some dark beauty loves to shine,
In gaudy pride.

Nor may her sable lover's care,
Add to the baubles in her hair
Thy dazzling feathers, rich and rare,
And thou, poor bird,
For this inhuman purpose bleed,
While gentle hearts abhor the deed,
And Mercy's trembling voice may plead,
But plead unheard.

Oh! bid the thoughtless triflers know,
Not all the hues thy plumes can show,
Become them like the conscious glow
Of modesty;
And that not half so lovely seems
The ray that from the diamond gleams,
As the pure gem that sweetly beams
In Pity's eye.

TO THE CROW,

THAT FLIES HOME AT NIGHT.

Say, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus, at the dusky hour of night,
Waves through the midway air,
Why thus beyond the verge of day,
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren, within her mossy nest,
Has hushed her little brood to rest;
The wild wood-pigeon, rocked on high,
Has cooed his last soft notes of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard her downy young from the inclement sky.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
That wait thy slow return for food,
On some bleak cliff's neglected tree;
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight,
This is the chilly hour of night,
Fit hour for rest for me and thee.

THE GRANDFATHER'S DEATH-BED.

Come hither, boy! come, come and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter has he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed now some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature does require it so,
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Shakspeare.

THE THRUSH.

Oh, herald of the spring! while yet
No harebell scents the woodland lane,
Nor starwort fair, nor violet,
Braves the bleak gust, and driving rain,
'Tis thine, as through the copses rude
Some pensive wanderer sighs along,
To tell of hope and fortitude,
And soothe him with thy lonely song.

For thee, then, may the hawthorn bush,
The elder, and the spindle tree,
With all their various berries, blush,
And the blue sloe abound for thee!
For thee the coral holly glow,
Its armed and glossy leaves among;
And the pellucid mistletoe,
O'er many a branched oak be hung!

Still may thy nest, with soft moss lined,
Be hidden from the invading jay;
Nor truant boy its covert find,
To bear thy callow young away.
So thou, precursor still of good,
Shalt to the pensive wanderer sing
Thy song of hope and fortitude,
Oh! herald of approaching spring.

Charlotte Smith.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbrier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;—
But let me such plunder forbear;
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE.

THE ITALIAN COTTAGER'S HOME.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ringdove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager:
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of perfume round,
I charm the swiftly-passing hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For such as win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at early day,
The sprightly dance in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the quiet greenwood shade:
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROGERS.

FUNERAL RITES.

Mark these mounds
Upon the hills, the sheep's green pasturage;
The Roman soldiers raised them o'er their chiefs
And comrades, battle-slain. Far different now
The last sad tribute o'er the village dead.
In kindred arms *they* gently sink to rest;
By kindred hands their dying eyes are closed,
By kindred hands their bier is slowly borne,
By kindred hands the *rosemary* is cast,
In token of remembrance, in their graves!
How eloquent the language is of flowers,
Breathing sweet odours of the tender love
Of friends surviving, whilst they point alike
To this life's frailty, and the unfading bloom
Of virtue in the life that is to come!
'Tis not on *Seine's* gay banks alone the hand
Of friendship scatters roses on the tomb,
To veil its hideousness; on *Severn's* shore,
And where Neath wanders in *Glamorgan's* vale,
The Cambrian mourner decks the hallowed sod
With osier-bands, and fragrant herbs, and flowers,
And evergreens; and at the solemn feasts
Renews, if aught be sickly or decayed,
Her floral tributes to her garden-grave.
Nor let the tender feeling be unsung,
How in the *South*, when the pure maiden dies,
An imitative chaplet, virgin-white,
Of roses, is suspended o'er the pew,
Now vacant, in the lonely village-church;
An emblem meet of that immortal crown
Which virgin innocence shall wear in heaven!
Laugh, cynics, as ye may; in every age,
In every clime, Nature proclaims her sway,
Bidding affection's tributes to the dead.
Her voice has sounded, and all hearts alike
Of ancient sage, of savage, and of saint,
Have answered to the call. Ezekiel* saw

* Ch. xxxii. 27.

The warriors of the East in martial guise
Buried, their weapons by their sides, their swords
Under their heads. Near great Missouri's flood,
In the new world, *Madoc* * beheld the queen
Erillyab, by the threshold of her hut
Watching her husband's war-pole: he the while,
By dev'lish art, a lifeless spectre stood
Administrant in *Azthan's* royal hall,
Till duly laid beneath his widow's bed,
His sepulchre. Who has not read described,
In story sacred and profane, the rites
Of Egypt, with what costly care embalmed,
With unguents, and with rich attire, her sons
Repose beneath their mighty pyramids?
And who has wept not o'er the classic page,
When sad *Electra* o'er *Orestes'* urn
Scatters fresh flowers? or, in the Elysian groves,
When old *Anchises* calls the Roman youth
To strew sweet lilies on *Marcellus'* tomb.
Nor deem these fancies of an erring creed,
Which taught, that if deprived of funeral rites
Their ghosts would wander for a hundred years,
Unmeet to enter on a state of rest.
For not unheard the loud lament of love
In *Judah's* habitations, not the rites
Funereal highly-valued: not to share
Their father's sepulchres was woe indeed,
And God's severest vengeance. All the day
Rizpah† watched o'er the bodies of her sons
To shield them from the birds, and all the night
She watched to shield them from the ravening beasts.
Nor failed He, the Redeemer of the world,
Though doomed to shameful tortures on a cross,
Of honours at his death; in a new tomb
The rich man laid Him, as the seer foretold,
And pious friends hasted at early dawn
With costly spices to His sepulchre!

ATKINS.

* SOUTHEY'S *Madoc*, Part 1. † 2 Sam. xxi.

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair.
Thine eyes are passion-free:
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
Singeth in its Summer nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling Autumn-wind hath stirred
The beauty of thy rest:
But winter cometh, and decay
Shall waste thy verdant home away—
Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee,
And Gladness harpeth at the door;
While ever with a joyful shout,
Hope, the May-queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er;
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now thy mother's voice abideth
Round thy pillow in the night;
And loving feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's saddest light:
But that sweet voice will fade away;
By thee no more those feet will stay—
Then pray, child, pray!

Conversations at Cambridge.

THE TULIP.

Behold the gay tulip—here pause and admire!
How stately it rears its proud head;
Decked out in the richest of Nature's attire,
The queen of the whole flower-bed.

To the genial sunshine its bosom it spreads,
And wantonly sports in the gale;
Then folds itself up, when eventide sheds
Its gloom o'er the thickening vale.

Even so in the glittering sunshine of wealth
To revel vain mortals delight;
And suspend their career in the absence of health,
Or the gloom of adversity's night.

But soon, gaudy tulip, thy beauty must fade,
Short, short is thy season of pride;
It was thus with the crocuses down in the shade,—
They flourished, then sickened and died!

And thus it must be with all living at last,
Nor beauty nor strength can avail;
When the season allotted to mortals is past,
We sink into death's silent vale.

But the tulip's gay flower, when withered away,
And its root to appearance is dead,
Shall flourish again in its splendid array,
The queen of the whole flower-bed.

And to shortsighted man shall less favour be given,
When the grave's gloomy Winter is o'er?
Ah! no—for securely transplanted in heaven,
In bliss he shall bloom evermore.

THE ARABIAN MAIDEN'S SONG.

FROM THE ARABIC.

THIS russet suit of camel's hair,
With spirits light, and eye serene,
Are dearer to my bosom far,
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent, and murmuring breeze
That whistles through its fluttering walls,
My unaspiring fancy please
Better than towers or splendid halls.

The attendant colts, that bounding fly,
And frolic by the litter's side,
Are dearer to my simple eye
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice, that bays whene'er
A stranger seeks his master's cot,
Sounds sweeter to my untaught ear,
Than the shrill trumpet's long-drawn note.

CARLYLE.

ON THE

FIELD OF BATTLE OF BULLION GREEN.

[The battle was fought in November, 1666.]

THE 'war cry' is heard on the mountains no more,
Which once echoed the groans of the suffering brave;
The horrors that marked the death-conflict are o'er,
And the thistle of Scotland blooms fair on their grave.

On this field lay the feeble, but spirited band,
In the cause of Religion who fought and who fell:
How vain was their struggle! what power could withstand
The shock and pursuit of relentless Dalzell!

November's chill tempest invested the glen
With a mantle of gloom, when the battle was given;
As though Nature, ashamed of the vices of men,
Would hide their offence from the pure glance of Heaven.

Near the foot of the mountain a moss-covered stone
Marks the spot where the Covenant's martyrs are laid;
The pine's waving branches around it are thrown,
And the larch bending o'er adds a gloom to the shade.

There lonely they sleep:—but though their sad story
Be never enrolled in the annals of fame,
Hearts shall not be wanting to boast of their glory,
While earth owns an empire, and Scotland a name.

No trophy of man marks the field where they fell,
But, fostered and watered by heaven's own rain,
Caledonia's thistle towers proudly to tell
The tale of the combat that reddened her plain.

The heath-flower may purple the side of the hill,
Where the blue-bell is hanging her delicate head;
But the "thistle of Scotland" shows lovelier still,—
It hallows the tomb of her patriot dead.

ANNE.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never marked before!

Is it the brooding night?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And stilled, and darkness in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and lingered—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower,—I deemed not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those gray locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear!
E'en as if angel-steps had marked the sod,
I tremble where I move,—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night,
That makes my home so awful! Faithless-hearted,
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The in-born gladdening light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from Nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
By the dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,—
And therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night-flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air;
Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more
To pass and rest thee there!

And must I turn away?
Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I hear,
Sadder than once it seemed, yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!
Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild,—
Mother, my mother! now receive thy child;
Take back the Lost and Found!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE TROUT-STREAM.

Let us walk where reeds are growing,
By the alders in the mead,
Where the crystal streams are flowing,
In whose wave the fishes feed.

There the golden carp is laving
With the trout, the perch, and bream:
Mark! their flexile fins are waving
As they glance along the stream.

Now they sink in deeper billows,
Now upon the surface rise;
Or, from under roots of willows,
Dart to catch the water-flies.

THE TRAVELLER IN AFRICA.

A NEGRO SONG.

The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast;
He sate him down beneath our tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he:
And ah! no wife or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.
The white man shall our pity share;
Alas! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk and corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And Mercy's voice has hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low,
The white man far away must go:
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care,
Go! white man, go! but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the negro's care.

Duchess of Devonshire.

SUNDAY AT SEA.

Bounding along the obedient surges,
Cheerly on her onward way,
Her course the gallant vessel urges,
Across thy stormy gulf, Biscay!
In the sun the bright waves glisten,
Rising slow with measured swell,
Hark! what sounds unwonted!—listen,
Listen! 'tis the Sabbath bell.

Hushed the tempest's wild commotion,
Winds and waves have ceased their war;
O'er the wide and sullen ocean
That shrill sound is heard afar.
And comes it as a note of gladness,
To thy tried spirit? wanderer, tell:
Or rather, does thy heart's deep sadness,
Wake at that simple Sabbath bell?

It speaks of ties which duties sever,
Of hearts so fondly knit to thee;
Kind hands, kind looks, which, wanderer, never
Thine hand shall grasp, thine eye shall see.
It speaks of home and all its pleasures,
Of scenes where memory loves to dwell;
And bids thee count thy heart's best treasures;
Far, far away, that Sabbath bell.

Listen again; thy wounded spirit
Shall soar from earth, and seek above
That kingdom which the blest inherit,
The mansions of eternal love.
Earth and its lowly cares forsaking,
(Pursued too keenly, loved too well,)
To faith and hope thy soul awaking,
Thou hear'st with joy the Sabbath bell.

Bishop Turner.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

The success of the ancient Egyptians in preserving their dead by the operation of embalming was surprisingly great. For a proof of this we have only to turn to the fact of our viewing at this day the bodies of persons who lived three thousand years since. This ingenious people applied the powers of art to the purposes of their religion, and did all they could to keep the human frame entire after death, fondly thinking that if it proved a fit dwelling, its former inhabitant, the soul, would return at some distant period, and animate it afresh, even upon earth.

And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's street three thousand years ago;
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,—
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame;
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect,
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade:
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been dealing
In human blood, and horrors past revealing.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled!
Antiquity appears to have begun,
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us, what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What thou hast seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guests be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the *soul embalmed and pure*
In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

THE ANSWER OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

CHILD of the latter days! thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken,
Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
Unswathed at length, I 'stand at ease' before ye,—
List, then, oh! list, while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birthplace—an unrivalled city,
With *many* gates; but here I might declare
Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air;
Oh, I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
And give a deadly finish to conjecture!

But then you would not have me throw discredit
On grave historians—or on him who sung
THE ILIAD—true it is I never read it,
But heard it read when I was very young;
An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
Recited parts—I think the *author* of it.

All that I know about the town of HOMER,
Is, that they scarce would own him in his day;
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
Because by this they saved their *parish pay;*
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest,
He says that men were once more big and bony
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best,—
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high! in sooth a lofty figure!
Now look at *me*, and tell me, am I *bigger?*

Not half the size: but then I'm sadly dwindled;
Three thousand years, with that embalming glue,
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
My face of all its beauty—there were few
Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel;
Nay, smile not—you and I may soon be equal!

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
With mortal aim—this light fantastic toe
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance:
This heart hath throbbed at tales of love and wo,
These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion,
This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain! the skilful hand, and feelings warm,
The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
The palm of genius and the manly form,
All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,
Who sealed me up where Mummies sound are sleeping,
In cere-cloth, and in tolerable keeping.

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
With scarlet flounces and with varnished faces;
Men, birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed together,
With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather.

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust;
Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,—
Their swarthy Mummies kicked up dust in numbers,
When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumbers!

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
  At Dido's table, when the wond'rous tale
Of 'Juno's hatred' was so well repeated?
  And ever and anon the queen turned pale;
Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights, hung above her,
Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.

Ay, *gas-lights!* mock me not; we men of yore
  Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore?
  Her patient toil?. acuteness of invention?
Survey the proofs,—our Pyramids are thriving,—
Old Memnon still looks young, and I'M surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
  On blocks gigantic building up her fame!
Crowded with signs, and letters hieroglyphic,
  Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on RAIL-ROADS *and by* STEAM!

How, when, and why, our people came to rear
  The Pyramid of Cheops, mighty pile!
This, and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
  I will unfold if thou wilt stay awhile,
The hist'ry of the Sphinx, and who began it,
Our mystic marks, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when king Cephrenes—
  But, ha! what's that?—the shades of bards and kings
Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
  I am not to reveal these hidden things.
Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them,

MUMMIUS.

LINES TO AN ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS.

FOUND IN AN EGYPTIAN TOMB.

The following lines are addressed to an Alabaster Sarcophagus, supposed to be that of a king, called by Belzoni *Psammuthis*, but whose real name was *Ousiree-Menepthah*.

THOU Alabaster relic! while I hold
My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,
Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,
Mightst thou relate the changes thou hast known!
For thou wert primitive in thy formation,
Launched from th' Almighty's hand at the creation.

Yes—thou wert present when the stars and skies
And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places,
When God from chaos bade the spheres arise,
And fix the radiant sun upon its basis,
And with His finger on the bounds of space
Marked out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth
Thou slept'st in darkness, it were vain to ask;
Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,
And year by year pursued their patient task,
Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,
Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus.

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,
Or David reigned in holy Palestine,
Some ancient Theban monarch was extended
Beneath the lid of this emblazoned shrine,
And to that subterranean palace borne
Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes from her hundred portals filled the plain
To see the car on which thou wert upheld.
What funeral pomps extended in thy train!
What banners waved! what mighty music swelled,
As armies, priests, and crowds bewailed in chorus,
Their King, their God, their Serapis, their Orus!

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust
Thee, and the lord of all the nations round;
Grim King of Silence! monarch of the dust!
Embalmed, anointed, jewelled, sceptred, crowned,
There did he lie in state; cold, stiff, and stark,
A leathern Pharaoh, grinning in the dark.

Thus ages rolled; but their dissolving breath
Could only blacken that imprisoned thing,
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,
As if it struggled still to be a king:
And each revolving century, like the last,
Just dropped its dust upon thy lid—and passed.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt poured
His devastating host,—a motley crew,—
And steel-clad horsemen,—the barbarian horde,—
Music and men of every sound and hue,—
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and brutes,—
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyses tear away
The ponderous rock that sealed the sacred tomb:
Then did the slowly-penetrating ray
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom;
And lowered torches flashed against thy side,
As Asia's king thy blazoned trophies eyed.

Plucked from his grave with sacrilegious taunt,
The features of the royal corpse they scanned:
Dashing the diadem from his temples gaunt,
They tore the sceptre from his graspless hand;
And on those fields where once his will was law,
Left him for winds to waste, and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,
Upclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill;
And Nature, aiding their devotion, cast
Over its entrance a concealing rill;
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he, from whom nor pyramid nor sphynx
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni, came,
From the tomb's mouth unclosed the granite links,—
Gave thee again to light, and life, and fame,—
And brought thee from the sands and deserts forth,
To charm the "pallid children of the north."

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,
Was what Thebes *is*,—a wilderness and waste,
Where savage beasts more savage men pursue,
A scene by nature cursed, by man disgraced.
Now, 'tis the world's metropolis, the high
Queen of arms, learning, arts, and luxury.

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think
What other hands, perchance, preceded mine:
Others have also stood beside thy brink
And vainly conned the moralizing line.
Kings, sages, chiefs! that touched this stone, like me,
Where are ye now?—Where all must shortly be.

All is mutation: he within this stone
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour:
His bones are dust,—his very name unknown,—
Go, learn from him the vanity of power!
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,
But build a lasting mansion for thy soul!

N. P. S.

LINES TO THE WESTERN MUMMY.

O STRANGER, whose repose profound
These latter ages dare to break,
And call thee from beneath the ground
Ere Nature did thy slumber shake,—

What wonders of the secret earth
Thy lips too silent, might reveal!
Of tribes round whose mysterious birth
A thousand envious ages wheel.

Thy race, by savage war o'errun,
Sunk down, their very name forgot;
But ere those fearful times begun,
Perhaps, in this sequestered spot

By Friendship's hand thine eyelid closed,
By Friendship's hand the turf was laid;
And Friendships here, perhaps, reposed,
With moonlight vigils in the shade.

The stars have run their nightly round,
The sun looked out and passed his way,
And many a season o'er the ground
Has trod where thou so softly lay.

And wilt thou not one moment raise
Thy weary head, awhile to see
The later sports of earthly days,
How like what once enchanted thee?

Thy name, thy date, thy life declare—
Perhaps a queen, whose feathery band
A thousand maids have sighed to wear,
The brightest in thy beauteous land—

Perhaps a Helen, from whose eye
Love kindled up the flame of war—
Ah, me! do thus thy graces lie
A faded phantom, and no more?

Oh, not like thee would I remain,
But o'er the earth my ashes strew,
And in some rising bud regain
The freshness that my childhood knew.

But has thy soul, O maid, so long
Around this mournful relic dwelt?
Or burst away with pinion strong,
And at the foot of Mercy knelt?

Or has it in some distant clime,
With curious eye, unsated, strayed,
And down the winding stream of time,
On every changeful current played?

Or, locked in everlasting sleep,
Must we thy heart extinct deplore,
Thy fancy lost in darkness weep,
And sigh for her who feels no more?

Or, exiled to some humbler sphere,
In yonder wood-dove dost thou dwell,
And murmuring in the stranger's ear,
Thy tender melancholy tell?

Whoe'er thou be, thy sad remains
Shall from the Muse a tear demand,
Who, wandering on these distant plains,
Looks fondly to a distant land.

GALLAUDET.

STEAM, AND THE STEAM-ENGINE.

THE vaporous power, whose close-pent breath,
Potent alike and prompt to great or small,
Now rives the firm-set rock, now deigns to point
The needle's viewless sting; now drains the bed
Of mighty rivers, or the tide of ocean;
Now weaves the gossamer of silken robe,
Beauty's fantastic tissue, iris-tinged,
That floats with every breeze. Yes, 'twould rear
The Memphian pile, or loom the spider's web.
It sees the toiling miner, deep in earth,
Delving the adamant; he sinks o'erwhelmed
By mighty waters, bursting the dark mound
Of subterranean channel; stern it grasps
The rushing torrent with Charybdis' force,
And binds it to obedience; yet its rage,
Softened to weakness, dares, with virgin touch,
Expand the snowy fabric, bright and fragile,
That chains the ether of adventurous thought,
And scatters o'er the world ephemeral tale,
Or deepest cogitations, long to live,
Of man's immortal spirit.

Now it swells
With giant groans, while in Cyclopean cave
It rolls the glowing rocks of molten ore,
And 'midst the deafening clamour spends its fury
On massy bars, whose strength its breadth had forged,
And rends them as 'twere silken thread, cut short

By maiden finger; yet, while sporting wild,
Crashing to film transparent the huge mass
That dared its might, it deigns to check its wrath,
To fondle with the gem, whose glossy cheek,
Touched by its hand, puts off its rugged scale,
And blushes into beauty.
Now, in pride,
It rolls o'er boiling seas the rapid bark,
As on a bed of glass, with oily smoothness,
Nor fears the mountain billow, or the gust
Of adverse tempest; yet the timid maid,
Calm at her wheel, unshrinking, curbs its might,
And sees it wait, a passive, crouching slave,
To do her bidding; and Alcides tamed,
And she a village Omphale, that smiles,
Decked in its spoils, to wield its giant arms,
And bend its lofty strength to spin with women.
Yoked to the rapid car, it cleaves its way
Fleeter than arrow, panting to outstrip
The slow-paced Arctic sun; yet can it curb
Instant its volleyed course—immovably
Reposing—or retrace its whirlwind track.
When worked to ire, it rends the craggy mountain,
Or whelms proud cities, an Enceladus
Raging 'neath Ætna; or Vesuvian torrent
Entombing fair Campania; yet the infant
Plays round it smiling, fearless of the fate
Of Herculaneum, or the hapless wreck
Of long-immured Pompeii.
Oft with crash
Of ponderous swift concussion, echoing wide,
In fiercer jar than rushing Niagara,
It hurls its thunder on Vulcanian mass,
That mocked man's feeble arm; yet tuned to breath
Of more than Lydian sweetness, it outpours
Its plaintive warbling through thy pastoral reed,
Famed Apollonicon, its fierceness taming
To melting melody. WILKS.

SOLITUDE.

Supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk, a shipwrecked sailor, who lived four years in the uninhabited Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh, Solitude! where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this desolate place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,—
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth—
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Never smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds! that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me;
Oh! tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas, recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair!

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, (encouraging thought!)
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
Soon as morning's purple dyes
O'er the eastern mountains float,
Wakened by thy merry note,
Through the fields of yellow corn,
That Mersey's winding banks adorn,
Or green meads I gaily pass,
And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away;
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee lessen from my sight:
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing, and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF Mr. INCHBALD.

What time the weak-eyed Owl, on twilight wing
Slow borne, her vesper screamed to Eve, and roused
The lazy wing of bat,
With beetle's sullen hum,
Friendship, and she, the maid of pensive mien,
Pale Melancholy, point my sorrowing steps
To meditate the dead,
And give my friend a tear.
Here let me pause—and pay that tear I owe:
Silent it trickles down my cheek, and drops
Upon the recent sod
That lightly clasps his heart:
But, ah, how vain!—Nor Flattery's power, nor Wealth
Nor Friendship's tear, nor widowed Anna's voice,
Sweet as the harps of Heaven,
Can move the tyrant Death.
Hence, ye impure—for hark! around his grave
The Sisters chaste, the Sisters whom he loved,
In nine-fold cadence
Chant immortal harmony.
'Tis done—'tis done—the well-earned laurel spreads
Its verdant foliage o'er his honoured clay:
Again the Muses sing—
Thalia's was the deed.
Thou honest man, farewell! I would not stain
Thy worth with praise,—yet not the bright-haired King,
Who wooes the rosy morn,
And westering skirts the sky
With ruddy gold and purple, e'er shall see
Thy likeness—nor yon paly Crescent call
Her weeping dews to kiss
A turf more loved than thine.

John Philip Kemble.

BELLS AT A DISTANCE.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,
Some chord in unison with what we hear

Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of these village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains,
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.

COWPER.

AUTUMN.

I AT my window sit and see
  Autumn his russet fingers lay
On every leaf of every tree;
  I call, but Summer will not stay.

She flies, the boasting goddess flies,
  And pointing where the espaliers shoot,
'Deserve my parting gift,' she cries,
  'I take the leaves, but leave the fruit.'

Let me the parting gift improve,
  And emulate the just reply,
As Life's short seasons swift remove,
  Ere fixed in Winter's frost I lie.

Health, beauty, vigour, now decline,
  The pride of Autumn's splendid day;
Leaves with the stem must now resign,
  The mournful prelude of decay.

But let fair Virtue's fruit remain,
  Though Summer with my leaves be fled,
Then not despised, I'll not complain,
  But cherish Autumn in her stead;

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow:
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
The foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory!

Wolfe.

THE TRAVELLER'S DIRGE.

Captain Clapperton fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard, with much distinctness, the tolling of an English funeral-bell. I entreated him to be composed, and observed that sick people frequently fancy they see and hear things which can possibly have no existence.—LANDER'S *Journal.*

In brief and feverish repose
He sank ere life was o'er;
Forgot, awhile, his pains and woes,
But not his native shore!
He dreamt he stood on English ground
While on his ear there stole
A solemn yet a soothing sound,
The deep funereal toll!
And sweet the spell of that sad knell
Poured for a parted soul!

He woke! Yet, still upon his ear
Its lingering echoes fell;
On sounds to hallowed thought so dear,
His memory loved to dwell.
Though he might die on Afric's strand,
And waves might wildly roll
Between him and his father-land,
His was that solemn toll!
Spirit, away! it seemed to say,
From earth, and earth's control.

Then mourn him not! an hour shall come
When sound more deep and dread
Than rolling beat of muffled drum,
Or knell which mourns the dead,
Shall tell the day of final doom,
As that loud trumpet-peal
Will bid earth's most secluded tomb
Its hidden dead reveal.
Awake! Awake! Arise!
It shall repeat—Prepare to meet
Your Judge, throned in the skies!

BERNARD BARTON.

THE WINTER'S DAY.

When raging storms deform the air,
And clouds of snow descend,
And the wide landscape, bright and fair,
In deepened shadows blend;

When biting frost rides on the wind,
Bleak from the north and east,
And wealth is at its ease reclined,
Prepared to laugh and feast;

When the poor traveller treads the plain,
All dubious of his way,
And crawls with night-increasing pain,
And dreads the parting day;

When poverty, in vile attire,
Shrinks from the biting blast,
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,
And fears it will not last;

When the fond mother clasps her child
Still closer to her breast;
And the poor infant, frost-beguiled,
Scarce feels that it is prest;—

Then let the bounteous hand extend
Its blessings to the poor,
Nor spurn the wretched, as they bend
All suppliant at your door.

EPITAPH ON A TAME HARE.

Here lies whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow;
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning's dew,
Nor e'er heard huntsman's halloo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And when he could would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk and oats and straw,
Thistles or lettuces instead,
And sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrots pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years, and five round rolling moons,
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

He now beneath this walnut shade,
Here finds his long-lost home,
And waits in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

She, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save;
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

COWPER.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile;
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield;
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day:
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu,
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant 'squires of Kent,
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height—
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,
Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft,
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,)
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

Campbell.

TO THE WINDS.

Ye viewless minstrels of the sky!
I marvel not, in times gone by
That ye were deified:
For, even in this later day,
To me oft has your power, or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
  Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seaman roused from sleep,
  Yawn like Death's opening path!

Graceful your play! when round the bower
Where beauty culls spring's loveliest flower,
  To wreathe her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round the wreath,
  And stir her silken hair.

Still thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth:—
  Ye come!—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight,
  Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise and set we know;
The Sea,—we mark its ebb and flow;
  The Moon,—her wax and wane;
The Stars,—man knows their courses well;
The Comet's vagrant paths can tell;—
  But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings,
  Like spirits in a dream;
What epithet can words supply
Unto the bard who talks such high
  Unmanageable theme?

But one:—to me, when fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem Heaven's Messengers,
  Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
  It seems the Voice of God.

BERNARD BARTON.

A CHARADE.

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only in me.
I am double, am single, am black, blue, and gray,
I am read from both ends, and the same either way.
I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next
I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek,
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right.
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
Expressive and languid, contracted and full.
I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
And judge, and decide, and examine and try.
I'm a globe and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those which were long understood to have none.
By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
And I wore them all three, on the day I was born.
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day and grows big in the night,
Whom I cherish with care as a part of myself,
For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack,
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back;
And, though heels over head it arrives, in a trice
It is sent up to table all proper and nice.
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.
A blow makes me run though I have not a limb;
Though I neither have fins, nor a bladder, I swim;
Like many more couples, my partner and I,
At times will look cross at each other, and shy;

Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,
One will do all the work when the other is out.
I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark.
Should I fret and be heated they put me to bed,
And leave me to cool upon water and bread.
But if hardened I grow they make use of the knife,
Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.
Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough,
Run a spit through my side, and with safety enough.
Like boys who are fond of the fruit and their play,
I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.
My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance;
I am said to retire, though I never advance.
I am read by physicians as one of their books,
And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.
My language is plain, though it cannot be heard
And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.
Some call me a diamond; some say I am jet;
Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an Isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
And sun, moon, and stars, at my wish disappear;
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

SONG OF MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

THE FAIRIES' GROTTO.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
This turf, with daisies broidered o'er,
Exceeds, we think, the marble floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the waterfall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms are serene;
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life;
And much it 'vails you in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favoured bowers,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound,
So may your couch with rest be crowned!
But harm betide the wayward swain
Who dares our sacred haunts profane!

SHENSTONE.

THE AFRICAN BOY.

'AH! tell me little mournful Moor,
Why still you linger on the shore?
Haste to your playmates, haste away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay:
When morning dawned along the sky,
You hailed me as I wandered by:—
Returning at th' approach of eve,
Your meek salute I still receive.'

'Benign inquirer, thou shalt know
Why here my lonely moments flow;
'Tis said, the numerous captive train,
Late bound by the degrading chain,
Return, their griefs and sorrows o'er,
To repossess their native shore.

'The gales that o'er the ocean stray,
And chase the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whisper as they fly,
'Juellen soon will meet thine eye.'
'Tis this that soothes her little son,
Blends all his wishes into one.

'Oh! were I clasped in her embrace,
I would forgive her past disgrace,
Forgive the melancholy hour,
She fell a prey to tyrant power,
Forget her lost distracted air,
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling prayer,
The bitter tears that wet her cheek,
And her last agonizing shriek.

'Locked in her hair, a cruel hand,
Dragged her along the flinty strand:
Still as she went, with accents wild,
She shrieked aloud, 'My child, my child!'
The lofty bark she now ascends,
With screams of woe the air she rends;
The vessel lessening from the shore,
Her piteous plaints I heard no more.
Now, as I strained my last survey,
Her distant form dissolved away.

'That day is past—I cease to mourn—
Succeeding joy shall have its turn;
Beside the hoarse resounding deep,
A pleasing, anxious watch I keep;
For when the morning clouds shall break,
And beams of day the darkness streak,
Perhaps along the glittering main,
(Oh, may this hope not throb in vain!)
To meet these long desiring eyes,
Juellen and the sun may rise.'

JERNINGHAM.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

WRITTEN ON WINDSOR TERRACE.

I saw him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court, and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tamborine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken,
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
To the muffled drums deep rolling,
While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,
Drowned the death-bell's tolling.

The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to *us*,
But to *him* a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight;—from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we have tumbled,
And it gladdened each eye,—save his alone
For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved—a queen—a son,
And a son's sole child have perished;
And sad was each heart, save the only one
By which they were fondest cherished.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision throned,—as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread
  Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift, shed
  On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
  Though the stream of time kept flowing;—
When they spoke of our King, 'twas but to say
  That the old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
  By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
  For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust—
  Death's hand his slumbers breaking,
For the coffined sleep of the good and just
  Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
  And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
  We lay our heads beside him.

H. Smith.

ON SKATING.

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
  With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flowery ground,
  Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

Dr. Johnson.

EMPLOYMENT IN A GARDEN.

When evening gray doth rise, I take my round
Over this mount, and all this flowery ground:
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my flowers, and visit every sprout.

Milton,

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

In the year 1350, six years after her interment, the remains of Donna Inez de Castro were taken out of her tomb, and she was proclaimed Queen of Portugal, in the Church of Sancta Clara, by order of her husband, Don Pedro.

THROUGH windows richly dight
The mellowed sunbeams shine,
But sadly falls their light
On Sancta Clara's shrine.

The king and court are there,
With priests and knights in mail;
But every head is bare,
And every cheek is pale.

The young and gay are met,
The brave and haughty come,
But eyes with tears are wet,
And lips with awe are dumb.

In pomp of regal pride
There sits enthroned a queen;
Don Pedro at her side
Beholds the solemn scene.

Though grief is on his brow,
Yet tearless is his eye,
He hears each plighted vow
With spirit stern and high.

Yet even he must feel
Far more than speech could own,
As one by one they kneel
Before that silent throne.

As one by one they take
That passive hand to kiss,
What thoughts and feelings wake
Dreams of departed bliss!

For, oh! no life-blood warm
That frame may animate,
But wasted is the form
Thus throned in solemn state.

The glittering crown of gold
Rests on a lifeless head,
The broidered robes enfold
The reliques of the dead.

Those robes are but a pall
However bright their sheen,—
She sits before them all
The spectre of a queen.

They bear her back to earth
And close the fearful rite,
And not one thought of mirth
The pageant could excite.

For by it may be seen,
In its glory and its gloom,
How brief the space between
The proud throne and silent tomb.

BERNARD BARTON.

WRITTEN IN A VALLEY, NEAR A STREAM.

FROM THE ARABIC.

THE intertwining boughs for thee
Have wove, sweet dell, a verdant vest,
And thou in turn shall give to me
A grassy couch upon thy breast.

To shield me from day's fervid glare,
Thine oaks their fostering arms extend;
As anxious o'er her infant care
I've seen a watchful mother bend.

A brighter cup, a sweeter draught,
I gather from that rill of thine,
Than maddening drunkards ever quaffed,
Than all the treasures of the vine.

So smooth the pebbles on its shore,
That not a maid can thither stray,
But counts her strings of jewels o'er,
And thinks her pearls have slipped away.

CARLYLE.

HOSPITALITY.

Dear boy, throw that icicle down,
And sweep this deep snow from the door;
Old Winter comes on with a frown—
A terrible frown for the poor.

In a season so rude and forlorn,
How can age, how can infancy, bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?

Fresh broached is my cask of old ale;
Well timed now the frost is set in,—
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.

Abundance was never my lot;
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven.

The fool and the slave gather wealth;
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

Bloomfield.

THE NARCISSUS.

I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
At noon a gay narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloomed in the silver waves below,

By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,
The waters as they passed complained;
At eve, its glories all were blasted,
And not one former grace remained.

While the mild rose more safely growing
Low in the unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Long sheds its sweetness on the gale.

Cooper.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ringdove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
Here the wild flow'ret blossomed, the elm proudly waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning, and storm,—

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:

With a glance of disgust he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide waving shade;
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time;
Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosomed in foam.

Washington Irving.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

Logan.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

The frozen streets in moonlight glitter,
The midnight hour has long been past;
Ah, me! the wind blows keen and bitter—
I sink beneath the piercing blast;

In every vein seems life to languish,
Their weight my limbs no more can bear,
But no one soothes the Orphan's anguish,
And no one heeds the Orphan's prayer.

Hark! hark! for surely footsteps near me,
Advancing, press the drifted snow!—
I die for food, oh! stranger, hear me,
I die for food! some alms bestow.
You see no guilty wretch implore you,
No wanton pleads in feigned despair;
A famished Orphan kneels before you,
Oh, grant the famished Orphan's prayer!

Perhaps you think my lips dissembling,
Of virtuous sorrows feign a tale,
Then mark my frame with anguish trembling,
My hollow eyes, my features pale.
E'en should my story prove ideal,
Too well these wasted limbs declare
My wants at least are not unreal;
Then, stranger, grant the Orphan's prayer!

He's gone! no mercy man will show me,
In prayers no more I'll waste my breath,
Here on the frozen earth I'll throw me,
And wait in mute despair for death.
Farewell, thou cruel world! to-morrow
No more thy scorn my heart shall tear,
The grave will shield the child of sorrow,
And Heaven will hear the Orphan's prayer.

But thou! proud man, the beggar scorning,
Unmoved who sawst me kneel for bread,
Thy heart shall ache to hear that morning,
That morning found the beggar dead;
And when the room resounds with laughter,
My famished cry thy mirth shall scare,
And often shalt thou wish hereafter,
Thou hadst not scorned the Orphan's prayer.

M. G. Lewis.

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Come, take our boy, and we will go
  Before our cabin-door;
The wind shall bring us, as they blow,
  The murmurs of the shore;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him, as he lies,
  Songs that were made of yore;—
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The island lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, whilst stammering I repeat,
  Thy country's tongue shalt teach,
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
  Than my own native speech;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
  Upon Taheité's beach,
Thou camest to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning,—thou didst praise
  My eyes, my locks of jet;
Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,—
  But thine were fairer yet!
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny air;
  And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,
  Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
  White foam, and crimson shell,
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind, like them, each jetty tress,
  A sight to please thee well;
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls,—
We love the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours,—
The God who made, for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

BRYANT.

PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

MISTAKEN mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Save of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic masque or dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Go! let the diving Negro seek,
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow harvest bears.

SIR H. WOOTTON.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done! o'er Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While, all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come, walk with me the jungle through;—
If yonder hunter tell us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude;
(Nor taught by recent arm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.—
Come boldly on! no venomed snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake;
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
'Mid nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower, in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death!
Come on! yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bow;
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom;
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower:—
The ceiba's* crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the break so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.

* The ceiba is the wild cotton-tree; a canoe, made from a single trunk of this tree, has been known to contain a hundred persons.

With pendent train, and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's 'good green wood?'
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again.

A truce to thought! the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And, through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet, mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes:—
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While, to this cooler air confest,
The broad dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village-song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from brush and brier,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And what is she, whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know the soul-entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!

Enough! enough! the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,
The flashes of the Summer-sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;

And we must early sleep, to find,
Betimes, the morning's healthy wind.
But, oh! with thankful hearts confess
Even here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope in heaven!

BISHOP HEBER.

SUMMER.

How fast the rapid hours retire!
How soon the Spring was done!
And now no cloud keeps off the fire
Of the bright, burning sun.

The slender flower-bud dreads to swell
In that unclouded blue,
And treasures in its fading bell
The spark of morning dew.

The stream bounds lightly from the spring
To cool and shadowy caves;
And the bird dips his weary wing
Beneath its sparkling waves.

PEABODY.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

UPON a lofty forest oak, a leaf.
Fanned by the breeze, or sparkling in the dew,
From infancy to age in beauty grew,
Though all its life was but a season brief:
Withered, and shrunk, at length, to Nature's grief,
And loosened from its parent stem, it blew
Into my bosom. 'So, alas! thou too
Shalt fall,' it seemed to say; 'nor be thou deaf
To this my voice: like a swift running stream
Thy youth, thy loveliness, have passed away,
And all thy years have vanished like a dream:
Thy song must even fail, which day by day
Was heard among the flowers: nor shall one gleam
Of cherished glory light thee to decay!'

PICKERING.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

THROUGH a dull tract of woe, of dread,
The toiling year has passed and fled:
And, lo! in sad and passive strain,
I sing my Birth-day date again.

Trembling and poor I saw the light,
New waking from unconscious night:
Trembling and poor I still remain,
To meet unconscious night again.

Time in my pathway strews few flowers,
To cheer or cheat the weary hours;
And those few strangers, dear indeed,
Are choked, are checked, by many a weed.

CRABBE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH.

GIVE me again the peaceful days I passed
Within my native woods, gay as the birds
That carolled on the boughs; my breast as pure
As were the fresh and dew-steeped violets,
That decked my path. With each returning sun
Arose the healthful vigour of my soul,
And shed a dawn of cheerfulness around me.
Or if I sometimes wept at tales of woe
The busy world gave birth to, yet my sorrow
Was gentle as the soft complaining song
The nightingale addresses to the moon.
But now the smiling moon has lost its beauty,
The woodland music deadens on the breeze,
And the scarce-opening blossoms seem to languish.
At times a short oblivion lulls my soul,
But now I start again to recollection;
And when I weep, my tears are those of guilt,
That carry anguish with them.

MACKENZIE.

THE STRANDED BARK AND THE LIFE-BOAT.

She strikes, and she reels, and her high towering mast,
Like the forest oak, bends in the hurricane-blast,
And the billows, whose awful tops seen in the clouds,
Dash high o'er the wretches that fly to her shrouds.
Again she hath struck, and the turbulent air
Is filled with wild horror, and shrieks of despair:
Few moments must free her from breakers and spray,
Or entomb them in ocean for ever and aye.
Forsaken her helm, that the dark waters o'er,
Had oft steered her safe to the sheltering shore;
And her beautiful pennant, that streamed ever bright,
Like a sunbeam by day, and a meteor by night,
Now twines round her topmast (how changed since the morn!)
Or, piecemeal, the sport of the tempest, is torn.
No peal of alarm was discharged from her deck;
But the voice of despair from the perishing wreck
Found an echo in hearts that, in every wild form,
Have encountered the demon that yells in the storm;
And that spirit, which makes them in danger more brave,
Only rose with the scene; on the tempest-tost wave
They launched their light bark, and, in gallant array,
Dashed from shore, with a true hearty British huzza.
Far, far as the eye of the gazer could roam
There was nothing but breakers and billows of foam;
One moment she seemed in the boiling surge lost,
The next, we beheld her still struggling, but tost
At the merciless power of the deep booming sea;
But still forward she kept on her perilous track,—
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee
Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
Now high o'er the billows majestic she rides,
With her twelve noble rowers all lashed to her sides;
Relax not one effort,—one moment may save,
Or entomb them for ever beneath the dark wave;
For, hark! the last cry of despair is ascending,
As shivering they cling to the topmast, and rending
The heavens with their outcry,—one effort, one more,
And 'tis gained,—like a thunder-cloud, burst upon shore

The gazers' applause, as the life-boat steered round them.
But who shall describe the poor rescued, or tell
With what feelings these greater than conquerors found them,
As half-naked, half-dead, from the rigging they fell;
Or lifelessly sunk on their foreheads, as though
The last torment was past—drained the last cup of woe?
And now, with the shipwrecked and destitute crew,
O'er the wild waste of waters their toil they renew;
The billows are foaming around them, and loud,
Like the roar of artillery, the tempest-charged cloud
Breaks o'er them in thunder: still o'er the dark sea
They push the light bark in its perilous track,—
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee
Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
The sea-gull flew wildly and mournfully round,
As if on the deep shoreless ocean she'd found
Some exiles, condemned o'er the wide world to roam;
Then, light as the billow, and white as the foam,
Winged her way on the breeze to her tempest-rocked home.
On the tiptoe of hope and of fear we beheld,
As their bark through the billows the rowers impelled;
But, at length, in smooth water we saw her safe moored,—
And what was the boon for the danger endured?
Avaunt, selfish hearts: what at first had inspired
Brought its own bright reward, all the boon they desired;
'Twas enough to have saved from the jaws of the grave,
Hearts that beat like their own, true, undaunted, and brave.

ANON.

CONTENTMENT IN A HUMBLE STATION.

WHY should I blush that Fortune's frown
Dooms me life's humble paths to tread,
To live unheeded and unknown,
To sink forgotten to the dead?

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
That surest shine, or highest rise;
The feather sports upon the wave,
The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.—CARLISLE.

THE WANDERING BOY.

When the Winter wind whistles along the wild moor
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

The Winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire.
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embowered vale,
Where the ringdove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summoned away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale;
And no one will list to my innocent tale:
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE NAUTILUS.

Up with thy thin transparent sail,
Thou tiny mariner!—the gale
Comes gently from the land, and brings
The odour of all lovely things,
That Zephyr, in his wanton play,
Scatters in Spring's triumphant way;—
Of primrose pale, and violet,
And young anemone, beset
By thousand spikes of every hue,
Purple and scarlet, white and blue:
And every breeze that sweeps the earth
Brings the sweet sounds of love and mirth;
The shrilly pipe of things unseen
That pitter in the meadows green;

The linnet's love-sick melody,
The laverock's carol loud and high;
And mellowed, as from distance borne,
The music of the shepherd's horn.

Up, little Nautilus! thy day
Of life and joy is come:—away!
The ocean's flood, that gleams so bright
Beneath the morning's ruddy light,
With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er
The lucid gems that pave the shore;
Each billow wears its little spray,
As maids wear wreaths on holiday;
And maid ne'er danced on velvet green
More blithely round the May's young queen,
Than thou shalt dance o'er yon bright sea
That woos thy prow so lovingly.
Then lift thy sail!—'tis shame to rest,
Here on the sand, thy pearly breast.
Away! thou first of mariners:—
Give to the wind all idle fears;
Thy freight demands no jealous care,—
Yet navies might be proud to bear
The wondrous wealth, the unbought spell,
That loads thy ruby-cinctured shell.
A heart is there to Nature true,
Which wrath nor envy ever knew,—
A heart that calls no creature foe,
And ne'er designed another's woe;—
A heart whose joy o'erflows its home,
Simply because sweet Spring is come.

Up, beauteous Nautilus!—away!
The idle muse that chides thy stay
Shall watch thee long, with anxious eye,
O'er thy bright course delighted fly;
And, when black storms deform the main,
Cry welcome to the sands again!
Heaven grant that she through life's wide sea
May sail as innocent as thee;
And, homeward turned, like thee may find
Sure refuge from the wave and wind.

BARNARD.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call:—
'Come up, come up!' they seem to say,
'Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!'

'Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the Summer air!'
And the birds below give back the cry,
'We come, we come, to the branches high!'
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree,—
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
And to sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild free flight
With the upper cloud-wings,—oh, what delight!

Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And to see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee:
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mates at play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old.
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest-tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

THE WISH.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

KIRKE WHITE.

ANTIQUITY.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

All hail, Antiquity! thou fill'st the soul
With thoughts that tower above the busy throng;
Thou growest more dear, as Time, with heavy roll,
Sweeps, like a vast impetuous wave, along:
By thee inspired, the child of ancient song
Bids the bright scenes of vanished ages hail!
Waking his wild harp ruined piles among,
Or, oft retiring to the listening vale,
Chants many a legend dark, and many a feudal tale.

Sacred the ground within the chapel tall,
Where deep is graved the iron hand of Time;
Where the light fret-work dances round the wall,
And Gothic sculpture rears its front sublime:
The once right-merry bells forget their chime;
On mouldering stones, amid the blaze of day,
There let me trace the quaint sepulchral rhyme,
Where frowning knights in brass sepulchral pray,
And in the rich-stained glass the vivid sun-beams play.

Dull is the helm, that glittered terrors once,
Dull is the shield, that once was bright with sheen,
Dull is the steel point of the quivering lance,
And deadly dull the eye of him, I ween,
Who whilome shone a knight of martial mien,
But now at rest beneath the low flag-stone,
Leaves but the shade of grandeur that has been;
The sparkling eye, the heart of fire, are gone,
All, all forgotten now, neglected, and unknown.

Fame! thou art treacherous; mighty men have stood
Chief in thy temple, where it shines on high;
And thus the great, the noble, and the good,
Fall from their niche of glory but to die,
Or live but in false honour's memory!
And yet they died not wholly. Men consigned
Nought save the 'earth to earth,' their names supply
The bright example, the immortal mind;
'Midst dust and ashes these a spreading root shall find.

For lo! keen science, with exploring hand,
Removes the envious veil that late concealed
The form of olden times; at her command,
In ancient garb arrayed, she stands revealed:
Guarding the honours of the blazoned shield,
Rich guerdons of their great and glorious toil
Who well defended, 'midst the dusty field,
'God and their right,' against the unrighteous spoil
Of rude invading foe, or dark intestine broil.

M.

LO, THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the Lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!
God provideth for the morrow!

'Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!
God provideth for the morrow!

'One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!'

HEBER.

MADELINE.

Come forth, pretty Madeline,
Lo! the pleasant breath of May,
Sweetens every field to-day;
Never hath a fairer night
Closed the dewy eyes of light;
Come forth while the moon-beams shine
On the pale grass, Madeline.

Oh! that I were, sweet Madeline,
The happy monk of Tombeline,
When half in hope and half in fear,
Thy red lips breathe into his ear
Little trespasses that twine
Round thy meek heart, Madeline.

If I had, fair Madeline,
The soft eye of the evening star,
How quickly from my home afar,
Into thy chamber would I shine;
While from that snowy breast of thine
Rustles the white lawn, Madeline!

Listen, gentle Madeline!
Listen, listen, unto me;
And thy happy home shall be
Thronged with many a vassal bold,
Sir Hubert and Sir Leoline,
And beauteous page in vest of gold,
To watch thy sweet eyes, Madeline.

And we will pitch our pleasant tent
Beneath an overhanging tree,
Where hunter's bow was never bent,
In haunted glades of Faëry;
And I will sit by thee and twine
Odorous garlands for the shrine
Of thy white hand, Madeline!

Or if thou lovest to recline
In darkened chamber, faint with flowers—
What care I for sunny hours,
Or Summer light, when thou art mine,
Glowing, blushing Madeline!

And if thou wilt, young Madeline,
For woodland chaplet thou shalt wear
A glittering crown upon thy hair,
And pearls about thy brow divine,
Sweetest, dearest Madeline.

Conversations at Cambridge.

THE SWALLOW.

I AM fond of the Swallow—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love:
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the region of air,
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is winged like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the Spring, all the Summer she stays,
And dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.

Our light should be love, and our nourishment prayer,
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth!
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
And only when building a nest for her young;
Were it not for her brood she would never bestow
A thought upon anything filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode),
To bask every moment in infinite love;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road,
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

COWPER.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a mother's love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a mother's love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a mother's love.

And can a mother's love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy!
A mother may forget her child
While wolves devour it on the wild;
—Is *this* a mother's love?

Ten thousand voices answer 'No!'
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this;
The infant, reared alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth;
— Is *this* a mother's love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind;
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
E'en with a mother's love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the Word;
This was the lesson to her son,
—Time is Eternity begun:
Behold that mother's love.

Blest mother! who, in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God:
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that mother's love.

That mother's love!—how sweet the name!
What *was* that mother's love?
—The noblest, purest, tenderest flame
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold;
This was that mother's love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though slave they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Hues may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil!
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne, the sky?
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges,
Agents of His will to use?

Hark! He answers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder seas with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.

He, foreseeing what vexations,
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrant's habitations
Where His whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
Crossing in your bark the main;
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All sustained by patience taught us
Only by a broken heart:

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Furnish all your boasted powers;
Prove that you have human feelings
Ere you proudly question ours!

COWPER.

THE ORIOLE'S NEST.

THE Oriole builds her a pensile nest;
It hangs by a thread, and it waves in the skies;
Yet no foe dares that tranquil asylum molest:
If he tempt the frail twig, it forsakes him—he dies.

The lion is tracked to the wild tangled lair;
In vain the whale shrinks to the dark icy wave;
The elephant's strength may not burst the fell snare,
Nor the swift-bounding fawn find retreat in her cave.

Yet the Oriole sings in her soft fragile nest,
Though it hang by a thread and is rocked by the gale:
Foes are near, yet no tumult approaches her breast;
Her offspring no prowling marauders assail.

O'erhanging the torrent, unheeded, alone,
In her fair leafy island she nurtures her brood;
Would they wish for some pathway to tempt realms unknown?
By that pathway, so envied, would dangers intrude.

Then blest be the cottage that shields me from care;
I ask no new ties of ambition or pride;
May my nest loose-suspended float calm in mid-air;
Unsullied by earth, though to earth near allied:

Yet nearer to heaven; for death's wintry blast
The thread that enlinks me to earth shall dissever;
This nest soon must fall—its frail grace may not last—
But the soul disenthralled shall be buoyant for ever.

And ay shall it sing, where a calm cloudless sky,
And a clime ever bright, heaven's spring-tide disclose;
Where no shelter is craved, for no danger is nigh;
And the fluttering wanderer sinks to repose.

I have built o'er a torrent—for rude is life's stream;
I have hung by a thread over death's sullen wave;
Soft zephyrs have lulled me in youth's idle dream,
Or tempests portended the night of the grave.

My spring has swift flitted, my summer is past,
And autumn is yielding to winter's chill storm;
May this fast-flagging wing find a shelter at last,
Where no whirlwinds the halcyon noontide deform.

And find it I shall; for there waiteth a rest—
So uttered the High One; whose words may not fail;—
I shall find it where, deathless, hope's long-sought behest
Shall not hang by a thread, or be whirled by the gale.

The Oriole builds her a pensile cot;
And pensile on earth be each hope or fear;
Rejoicing as though I rejoiced not,
And weeping as though unbedimmed by a tear.

But the eagle repairs to the lofty rock;
Serene are the skies where she plumeth her wing;
And I too would build where no tempest can shock—
I would build in the land of perpetual spring.

WILKS.

A WILD-FLOWER WREATH.

If stranger hands might dare
A wild-flower wreath prepare,
The sweet enthusiast's hair,
  Her flowing hair, to bind,
Oh! I would haste to bring
The violet of Spring,
Whose odours scent the wing
  Of every passing wind.

Each flower that early blows,
The May-bough's wreathèd snows,
The wild-brier's folded rose,
  And woodbine's fragrant bloom;
The speedwell's eye of blue,
Suffused with morning dew,
Should smilingly glance through
  The tresses of the broom.

The rustic blushing heath,
That lurks the fern beneath,
Should grace our wilding wreath
  With many a pendent bell;
The fair anemone
Might well with these agree,
Reft from her sheltering tree,
  Low in the copsewood dell.

Nor less than floweret pale,
The lily of the vale,
That scents the roving gale,
  Yet loves its leafy shade;
And well my hand, I ween,
(If such my task had been,)
Could twine the myrtle green
  To crown the mountain maid.

AUTHOR OF NUGÆ SACRÆ.

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Mark this holy chapel well!
The birth-place, this, of William Tell;
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

Here first, an infant, to her breast
Him his loving mother pressed;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers used to pray.

'Vouchsafe him health, O God, and give
The child thy servant still to live!'
But God had destined to do more,
Through him, than through an armed power.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,—
The eye of the hawk and the fire therein!

To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did God the boy commit:
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

The straining oar and chamois' chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace;
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery,—the which he broke.

Coleridge.

SPRING.

When brighter suns and milder skies
  Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
  What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

Forth walks the labourer to his toil,
And sees the fresh array
Of verdure clothe the flowery soil,
Along his careless way.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The Spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No Winter there, no shades of night,
Profane those mansions blessed,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

PEABODY.

FLOWERS.

THE impatient Morn,
With gladness on his wings, calls forth 'Arise!
To trace the hills, the vales, where thousand dyes
The ground adorn,
While the dew sparkles yet within the violet's eyes.'

And when the day
In golden slumber sinks, with accent sweet,
Mild Evening comes to lure the willing feet
With her to stray,
Where'er the bashful flowers the observant eye may greet.

Near the moist brink
Of music-loving streams they ever keep,
And often in the lucid fountains peep;
Oft, laughing, drink
Of the mad torrent's spray, perched near the thundering steep:

And everywhere
Along the plashy marge, and shallow bed
Of the still waters, they innumerous spread;
Rocked gently there
The beautiful Nymphæa* pillows its bright head.

Within the dell,
Within the rocky clefts, they love to hide;
And hang adventurous on the steep hill-side;
Or rugged fell,
Where the young eagle waves his wings in youthful pride.
In the green sea
Of forest-leaves, where Nature wanton plays,
They modest bloom; though through the verdant maze
The Tulip-tree
Its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays:

And, of pure white,
Embedded 'mid its glossy leaves on high,
There the superb Magnolia lures the eye;
While, waving light,
The Locust's myriad tassels scent the ambient sky.

But O, ye bowers,—
Ye valleys where the Spring perpetual reigns,
And flowers unnumbered o'er the purple plains
Exuberant showers,—
How fancy revels in your lovelier domains!

All love the light;
And yet what number spring within the shade,
And blossom where no foot may e'er invade;
Till comes a blight,—
Comes unaware,—and then incontinent they fade!

And thus they bloom,
And thus their lives ambrosial breathe away.
Thus flourish too the lovely and the gay;
And the same doom
Youth, beauty, flower, alike consigns to swift decay.

PICKERING.

* The white pond-lily.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation:

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the up-risen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,—
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that, in dewy splendour,
'Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,'
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

'Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!'

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages; what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, oh, God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines.

H. Smith.

FLORA'S PARTY.

Lady Flora gave cards for a party at tea,
To flowers, buds, and blossoms of every degree;
So from town and from country they thronged at the call,
And strove by their charms to embellish the hall.
First came the exotics, with ornaments rare,
The tall Miss Corchorus, and Cyclamen fair,
Auricula splendid, with jewels new-set,
And gay Polyanthus, the pretty coquette.
The Tulips came flaunting in gaudy array,
With the Hyacinths, bright as the eye of the day;

Dandy Coxcombs and Daffodils, rich and polite,
With their dazzling new vests, and their corsets laced tight;
While the Soldiers in Green, cavalierly attired,
Were all by the ladies extremely admired.
But prudish Miss Lily, with bosom of snow,
Declared that 'those gentlemen stared at her so,
It was horribly rude,'—so retired in a fright,
And scarce stayed to bid Lady Flora good night.
There were Myrtles and Roses from garden and plain,
And Venus's Fly-Trap they brought in their train,
So the beaux thronged around them, they scarcely knew why,
At the smile of the lip, or the glance of the eye.
Madame Damask complained of her household and care,
That she seldom went out, save to breathe the fresh air,
There were so many young ones and servants to stray,
And the thorns grew so fast, if her eye was away.
'Neighbour Moss-rose,' said she, 'you who live like a queen,
And ne'er wet your fingers, don't know what I mean.'
So the notable lady went on with her lay,
Till her auditors yawned, or stole softly away.
The sweet Misses Woodbine from country and town,
With their brother-in-law, the wild Trumpet, came down,
And Lupine, whose azure eye sparkled with dew,
On Amaranth leaned, the unchanging and true;
While modest Clematis appeared as a bride,
And her husband, the Lilac, ne'er moved from her side.
Though the belles giggled loudly, and said 'Twas a shame
For a young married chit such attention to claim;
They never attended a rout in their life,
Where a city-bred man ever spoke to his wife.'
Miss Peony came in quite late, in a heat,
With the Ice-Plant, new spangled from forehead to feet;
Lobelia, attired like a queen in her pride,
And the Dahlias, with trimmings new furnished and dyed,
And the Blue-bells and Hare-bells, in simple array,
With all their Scotch cousins from highland and brae.
Ragged Robins and Marigolds clustered together,
And gossipped of scandal, the news, and the weather,
What dresses were worn at the wedding so fine
Of sharp Mr. Thistle and sweet Columbine;

Of the loves of Sweet-William and Lily the prude,
Till the clamours of Babel again seemed renewed.
In a snug little nook sate the Jessamine pale,
And that pure, fragrant Lily, the gem of the vale;
The meek Mountain-Daisy, with delicate crest,
And the Violet, whose eye told the heaven in her breast;
And allured to their group were the wise ones who bowed
To that virtue which seeks not the praise of the crowd.
But the proud Crown Imperial, who wept in her heart,
That their modesty gained of such homage a part,
Looked haughtily down on their innocent mien,
And spread out her gown that they might not be seen.
The bright Lady-Slippers and Sweet-Briers agreed
With their slim cousin Aspens a measure to lead;
And sweet 'twas to see their bright footsteps advance,
Like the wing of the breeze through the maze of the dance;
But the Monk's-hood scowled dark, and, in utterance low,
Declared 'twas high time for good Christians to go;
He had heard from the priest a sermon sublime,
Where he proved, from the Vulgate, to dance was a crime,'
So, folding the cowl round his cynical head,
He took from the sideboard a bumper and fled.
A song was desired, but each musical flower
Had 'taken a cold, and 'twas out of her power;'
Till sufficiently urged, they broke forth in a strain
Of quavers and trills that astonished the train.
Mimosa sat trembling, and said, with a sigh,
'Twas so fine, she was ready with rapture to die.'
And Cactus, the grammar-school tutor, declared,
'It might be with the gamut of Orpheus compared;'
Then moved himself round in a comical way,
To show how the trees once had frisked at the lay.
Yet Nightshade, the metaphysician, complained
That the nerves of his ears were excessively pained:
'Twas but seldom he crept from the college,' he said,
'And he wished himself safe in his study or bed.'
There were pictures, whose splendour illumined the place
Which Flora had finished with exquisite grace;
She had dipped her free pencil in Nature's pure dyes,
And Aurora retouched with fresh purple the skies.
So the grave connoisseurs hasted near them to draw,
Their knowledge to show, by detecting a flaw.

The Carnation took her eye-glass from her waist,
And pronounced they were 'not in good keeping or taste;'
While prim Fleur de Lis, in her robe of French silk,
And magnificent Calla, with mantle like milk,
Of the Louvre recited a wonderful tale,
And said 'Guido's rich tints made Dame Nature turn pale.'
The Snow-Ball assented, and ventured to add
His opinion, that '*all Nature's colouring was bad;*
He had thought so, e'er since a few days he had spent
To study the paintings of Rome, as he went
To visit his uncle Gentiana, who chose
His abode on the Alps, 'mid a palace of snows.
But he took on Mont Blanc such a terrible chill,
That ever since that he'd been pallid and ill.'
Half withered Miss Hackmatack bought a new glass,
And thought with her nieces, the Spruces to pass;
But bachelor Holly, who spied her out late,
Destroyed all her plans by a hint at her date,
So she pursed up her mouth, and said tartly, with scorn,
'*She could not remember before she was born.*'
Old Jonquil, the crooked-backed beau had been told
That a tax would be laid upon bachelor's gold;
So he bought a new coat and determined to try
The long disused armour of Cupid so sly;
Sought for half-opened buds in their infantine years,
And ogled them all till they blushed to their ears.
Philosopher Sage on a sofa was prosing,
With dull Dr. Chamomile quietly dozing,
Though the Laurel descanted, with eloquent breath,
Of heroes and battles, of victory and death,
Of the conquests of Greece, and Bozzaris the brave,
'He had trod in his steps, and had sighed o'er his grave.'
Farmer Sunflower was near, and decidedly spake
Of 'the poultry he fed, and the oil he might make;'
For the true-hearted soul deemed a weather-stained face,
And a toil-hardened hand, were no marks of disgrace.
Then he beckoned his nieces to rise from their seat,
The plump Dandelion, and Cowslip so neat,
And bade them to 'put on their cloaks and away,
For the cocks crowed so loud, 'twas the break of the day.'
——'Twas indeed very late, and the coaches were brought,
For the grave matron flowers of their nurseries thought;

The lustre was dimmed of each drapery rare,
And the lucid young brows looked beclouded with care;
All save the bright Cereus, that belle so divine,
Who joyed through the curtains of midnight to shine.
Now they curtseyed and bowed as they moved to the door,
But the Poppy snored loud ere the parting was o'er,
For Night her last candle was snuffing away,
And Flora grew tired, though she begged them to stay;
Exclaimed, 'All the watches and clocks were too fast,
And old Time ran in spite, lest her pleasures should last.'
But when the last guest went with daughter and wife,
She vowed she 'was never so glad in her life;'
Called out to her maids, who with weariness wept,
To 'wash up the glasses and cups ere they slept:'
For 'Aurora,' she said, 'with her broad staring eye,
Would be pleased, in the house, some disorder to spy;'
Then sipped some pure honey-dew, fresh from the lawn,
And with Zephyrus hasted to sleep until dawn.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE PEASANT'S LIFE.

HIS certain life that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades till noon-tide rage is spent:
His life is neither tossed in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleased and full blessed he lives, when he his God
can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleep,
While by his side his faithful wife hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him,
Less he could like if less his God had sent him,
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,
content him.

G. FLETCHER.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine;
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that Summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice;
Man for thee dost sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy, thou
Dost neither age nor Winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy Summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Cowley.

DAWN.

Slow passed the night, and now, with silver ray,
The star of morning ushers in the day;
The shadows fly before the roseate hours,
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers;
The pruning-hook or humble spade to wield,
The cheerful labourer hastens to the field.

Mickle's Camoens.

SCOTCH MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

* * * * * *

AWHILE their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
'Saint Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Climbed many a crag, crossed many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happed to roam.'

No marvel thus the monarch spake:
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill;
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.

For all his rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The Summer sun, the Spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound;
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumbered track;
For, from the mountain hoar,
Hurled headlong in some night of fear,
When yelled the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling-arm might sway
A mass no host could raise;
In nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountain's lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare;
And round the skirts their mantle furled,
Or on the sable waters curled,
Or on the eddying breezes whirled,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain-shower
Pours like a torrent down;
And, when return the sun's glad beams,
Whitened with foam, a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

* * * * * *

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THOUGHTS ON NATURE.

Happy, if full of days,—but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of a service of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sovereign we were born t'obey.
Then sweet to muse upon his skill displayed,
(Infinite skill,) in all that he has made!
To trace, in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power divine;
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees.
The shapely limb, and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks and it is done,
The Invisible, in things scarce seen revealed,
To whom an atom is an ample field:
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatched, and those resuscitated worms,
New life ordained and brighter scenes to share,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air;
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and size,
More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
With helmet-heads and dragon-scales adorned,
The mighty myriads, now securely scorned,
Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth.
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers poured at His command,
From urns that never fail, through every land;
These like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course;
The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales;
Seas on which every nation spreads her sails;
The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light;
The crescent moon, the diadem of night;
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space:

At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
These are Thy glorious works, thou Source of good!
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Thine, and upheld by Thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy power Divine, and bounty beyond thought,
Adored and praised in all that thou hast wrought.
Absorbed in that immensity I see,
I shrink abased, and yet aspire to Thee;
Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day,
Thy words, more clearly than Thy works, display,
That, while Thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
I may resemble Thee, and call Thee mine!

COWPER.

SUNSHINE AFTER A SHOWER.

EVER after Summer shower,
When the bright sun's returning power
With laughing beam has chased the storm,
And cheered reviving Nature's form,
By sweet-brier hedges, bathed in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail;
While as I walk, from pearlèd bush,
The sunny sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view,
Clad in robe of fresher hue;
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings;
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
Its last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

WARTON.

SONG.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?

Little birds in leafy bower,
Swallows twittering on the tower,
Larks upon the light air borne,
Hunters roused by shrilly horn,
The woodman whistling on his way,
The new waked babe at early play,
Or barefoot child upon the green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid, who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely does her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who welcome in the evening gray?

The housewife trim and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a-conning o'er his book,
The tired wight in rushy nook,
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosened steed in grassy stall,
The lordlings feasting in the hall;
But most of all, the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE SQUIRREL.

THE squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play,
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm
That age or injury hath hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has out-slept the Winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun:
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighbouring beech: there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.—COWPER.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I must crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power;
Thou bonny gem!

Alas! 'tis not thy neighbour sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mong the dewy wheat
With speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to meet
The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou beamedst forth
Amid the storm;
Scarce reared above thy parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and walls must shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield *
Of clod or stone,
Adorn'st the barren stubble field,
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head,
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou liest.

Burns.

* Shelter.

THE IVY WREATH.

It is not gloomy,—brightly play
The sunbeams on its glossy green,
And softly on it sleeps the ray
Of moonlight, all serene.

It changes not as seasons flow,
In changeful, silent course along;
Spring finds it verdant, leaves it so,—
It outlives Summer's song.

Autumn no wan or russet stain
Upon its fadeless glory flings;
And Winter o'er it sweeps in vain,
With tempest on his wings.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

These beautiful lines allude to a custom still prevalent in many counties, in which a band of musicians visits the different families at midnight, about Christmas time, to express wishes, and to entertain them with rustic music.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night, beneath my cottage eaves,
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Or check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the cords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim,—
The greeting given, the music played
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And 'Merry Christmas' wished to all!

Oh, sister! would that thou with me
Hadst heard this never-failing rite,
And seen on those loved faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which nature and these rustic powers
In simple childhood spread o'er ours!

For pleasure has not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching when at midnight sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;—

The mutual nod, the grave disguise
Of hearts, with gladness brimming o'er,
And some unbidden tears, that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears, brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!—WORDSWORTH.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies,
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past,—and man forgot.

J. MAYNE.

MORNING.

HARK! the lark begins his flight,
And, singing, startles the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies;
Now the dappled dawn doth rise;
Still he comes in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bids good-morrow,
Though the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin:
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before.
Listen how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of yon hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Let me wander not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singing blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe.—MILTON.

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

FAR from his hive, one Summer day
A young and yet unpractised bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon, in play he passed;
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seized his little frame.

By nature urged, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourned round a mossy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
On that fair bank a pansy grew,
That borrowed from indulgent skies
A violet shade and purple hue.

The tints that streamed with glossy gold,
The violet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wondered to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

In vain he seeks some virtues there,
No soul-sustaining charms abound,
No honeyed sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led
To those fair springs and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head,
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

'Fly, fond adventurer! fly the art
That courts thine eye with fair attire;
Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
Will smile to see that heart expire.

'This modest flower, of humble view,
That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
Arrayed in unbespangled blue,
The simple clothing of the skies;

'This flower, with balmy sweetness blessed,
May yet thy languid life renew;'
He said; and to the violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

LANGHORNE.

THE DAISY.

ON FINDING ONE IN BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale:

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page,—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise,
The rose has but a Summer reign,
The daisy never dies.—MONTGOMERY.

MOONLIGHT.

WHEN the fair moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head:
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

POPE'S HOMER.

THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the Summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SIR W. SCOTT.

BUT, ah! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes! they break no rest,
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings
While slumbering on his grassy nest;
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And, veiled in mist, the valleys sleep below.

MONTGOMERY.

THE SEA-SHORE.

When evening came, toward the echoing shore,
Tranquil and pleased, we walked together forth;
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
The burnished silver sea, that heaved and flushed,
Its restless rays intolerably bright.

SOUTHEY.

WRITTEN IN A SHADY VALLEY, NEAR A RUNNING STREAM.

Oh! let me haunt this peaceful shade,
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths, and slight her power.

Hither the plaintive halcyon flies,
From social meads and open skies,
Pleased by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forsakes the river's proud domains,
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I heard the Naïad say,
Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way,
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair—

Flow, gentle stream! nor let the vain
Thy small unsullied stores disdain,
Nor let the pensive sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine.

SHENSTONE.

THE LAMENT.

Bow thy head, thou lily fair!
  Bow thy head in mournful guise,
Sickly turn thy shining white,
  Bend thy stalk and never rise;

Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose,
  Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay,
Spread them wide on the cold earth,
  Quickly let them fade away;

Fragrant woodbine, all untwine,
  All untwine from yonder bower,
Drag thy branches on the ground,
  Stain with dust each tender flower;

For, woe is me! the gentle maid
  That loved to mark your opening bloom,
In youth and beauty's glowing prime,
  Lies low within her dreary tomb.

No more at morning's fragrant hour,
  Shall she your new-blown florets tend;
Or deal around the mimic shower,
  When parched with heat ye languid bend.

Her head, with dim half-closèd eyes,
  Is bowed upon her breast of snow;
And cold and faded are those cheeks
  That wont with cheerful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice
  That wont to breathe the sounds of love,
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs
  That with such ease and grace could move.

And I, of all my bliss bereft,
  Lonely and sad must ever mourn;
Dead to each joy the world can give,
  Alive to memory alone.

THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

Fair rising from her icy couch,
Wan herald of the floral year,
The snow-drop marks the Spring's approach,
Ere yet the primrose groups appear,
Or peers the arum* from its spotted veil,
Or odorous violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then, thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
Anemones their stars unfold:
Then spring the sorrel's† veinèd flowers,
And rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale the freckled cowslips born,
Receive in jasper cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo! the green thorn her silver buds
Expands to Maia's genial beam;
Hottonia‡ blushes on the floods,
And, where the slowly-trickling stream
'Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers fair manyanthes§ hides.

In the lone copse, or shadowy dale,
Wild clustered knots of harebells grow;
And droops the lily of the vale
O'er vinca's‖ matted leaves below.
The orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock th' exploring bee, or fly's aërial form.¶

Wound o'er the hedge-rows' oaken boughs,
The woodbine's tassels float in air,
And blushing, the uncultured rose
Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there;
Her fillets there the purple nightshade weaves,
And pale brionia** winds her broad and scalloped leaves.

To later Summer's fragrant breath
Clematis†† feathery garlands dance;
The hollow foxglove nods beneath;
While the tall mullein's‡‡ yellow lance

* Cuckoo-pint. † Oxalis, or wood-sorrel. ‡ The water-violet.
§ Buck-bean, or bog-bean. ‖ Periwinkle.
¶ The bee and fly orchises. ** Briony.
†† Virgin's bower, or traveller's joy. ‡‡ Moth mullein, or high taper.

(Dear to the mealy moth of evening,) towers;
And the weak galium* weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild duck's nest,
And where the timid halcyon hides,
The willow-herb, in crimson dressed,
Waves with arundo† o'er the tides;
And there the bright nymphæa‡ loves to lave,
Or spreads her golden orbs§ along the dimpling wave.

And thou, by pain and sorrow blessed,
Papaver!‖ that an opiate dew
Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,
Contrasting with cyanus¶ blue,
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the rustling gale amid the tawny sheaves.

From the first bud whose venturous head
The Winter's lingering tempest braves,
To those which, 'midst the foliage dead,
Shrinks latest to their annual graves,
All are of use, for health, for pleasure given;
All speak, in various ways, the bounteous hand of heaven.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

NOVEMBER.

COLD grew the foggy morn: the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf:
The dew dwelt ever on the herb, the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods.
All green was vanished, save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue,
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

CRABBE.

* Yellow lady's bed-straw.
† The reed.
‡ The white water-lily.
§ The yellow water-lily.
‖ The poppy, from which laudanum is procured.
¶ The blue-bottle cornflower.

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on,—for the wisdom of men ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone;
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,—
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,—
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;—
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build,—ye build,—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;—

As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

SIGOURNEY.

THE CORAL ISLAND.

I MARKED a whirlpool in perpetual play,
As though the mountain were itself alive,
And catching prey on every side, with feelers
Countless as sunbeams, slight as gossamer.
Compressed like wedges, radiated like stars,
Branching like sea-weed, whirled in dazzling rings,
Subtle and variable as flickering flames,
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes,
Nor comprehend their motions, till minute
And curious observation caught the clue
To this live labyrinth,—where every one,
By instinct taught, performed its little task.
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing toward the day.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do,
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed:
Slime the material; but the slime was turned
To adamant by their petrific touch;
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. * * *
* * * * A point at first,
It peered above those waves a point so small,
I just perceived it fixed where all was floating;
And when a bubble crossed it, the blue film
Expanded like a sky above the speck;
That speck became a handbreadth; day and night

It spread, accumulated, and ere long
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea.
Compared with this amazing edifice,
Babel's stupendous folly, though it aimed
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy.
Nine times the age of man that coral reef
Had bleached beneath the torrid noon, and borne
The thunder of a thousand hurricanes,
Raised by the jealous ocean, to repel
That strange encroachment on his old domain.
Fragments of shells, dead sloughs, sea-monsters' bones,
Whales stranded in the shallows, hideous weeds
Hurled out of darkness by the uprooting surges;
These, with utterable relics more,
Heaped the rough surface, till the various mass,
By Nature's chemistry combined and purged,
Had buried the bare rock in crumbling mould.
All seasons were propitious; every wind,
From the hot siroc to the wet monsoon,
Tempered the crude materials; while heaven's dew
Fell on the sterile wilderness as sweetly
As though it were a garden of the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE HAREBELL.

WITH drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern and golden broom
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,
I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By the fell spider's treacherous loom,
With dewdrops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing;
Where pride and pomp have passed away,
To mossy tomb and turret gray,
Like friendship, clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illume the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing,
Perchance to soothe the Fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thy azure braid,
When brighter flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest,
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory;
The pensive soul recals in thee
The year's past pleasures;
And, led by kindred thought, will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending,
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,
With death-hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love, and mine;
The violet and the eglantine
With Spring are banished;
In Summer's beam the roses shine,
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
When these are vanished.

THE VALENTINE WREATH.

Rosy red the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds, in æther clear,
All the east adorning;
While through mist the meadows shine,
Wake, my love, my valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,
Flowers of hoar-frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snow-drops drooping early,
With mezereon sprigs combine;
Rise, my love, my valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy peeping;
Through the covert of the wood,
Hunt the sorrel creeping;
With the little celandine,
Crown my love, my valentine!

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scattered o'er the fallows;
Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
Green and glossy sallows,
Tufted moss and ivy twine,
Deck my love, my valentine!

Few and simple flowrets these;
Yet to me less glorious,
Garden-beds, and orchard-trees,
Since this wreath victorious
Binds you now for ever mine,
Oh! my love, my valentine!

MONTGOMERY.

WINTER.

There's not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The Summer-bird has left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's stillness in the harvest-field,
And blackness in the mountain glen;
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day,
And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look;
The lonely place is yet more dreary;
They go not now, the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold,
The air is damp, the winds are cold,
And Summer paths are wet and weary.

The drooping year is in the wane,
No longer floats the thistle-down;
The crimson heath is wan and sere,
The hedge hangs withering by the mere,
And the broad fern is rent and brown.

The owl sits huddling by himself,
The cold has pierced his body thorough;
The patient cattle hang their head,
The deer are 'neath their winter shed,
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,
And each small thing within its burrow.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And furry robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh! poverty's disconsolate;
Its pains are many, its foes are strong:
The rich man, in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas Winter through the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that Winter be not long.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BROTHERS' PARTING.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a fervid sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine,
When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day,
May this long-loved bower remain,
—Here may we three meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, youth, and power are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again!

THE FARM-YARD.

In the court-yard extends a fish-pond clear,
On whose bright surface other skies appear,
A boundless space, in whose expansive blank
The eye is lost. Upon the sloping bank,
The hen with ruffled plumes, and mournful tone,
Calls the young brood she falsely thinks her own;
Anxious the little heedless things to save
From all the terrors of the fatal wave;
By instinct led, her voice they disobey,
And in the rippling pool delighted play.

The long-necked geese, fierce bullying, hiss around,
And from their young ones drive the curious hound.
A pretty, little, busy, bustling maid,
With her neat basket on her arm displayed,
To give her feathered care their daily food
Runs through the yard, by all the train pursued.
She stops: and waving now her empty hand,
Delights to tantalize the greedy band;
Now as at once the show'ring grain she sheds,
They peck and scramble o'er each others' heads.
In his dark hole the snow-white rabbit lies,
And watchful rolls around his fiery eyes.
The cooing pigeon leaves his woody nest,
Adjusts with crimson foot his changing breast,
Where all the rainbow's various colours bloom,
And smoothes with stroking bill each ruffled plume;
Then seeks his mate upon the topmost roof,
While she in jealous anger keeps aloof:
But soon he hears the soft relenting fair,
Who fondly calls him; then the happy pair
Together spread their airy wings on high,
And o'er the blooming garden hov'ring fly.

KLEIST.

THE GOLDFINCH'S NEST.

SOMETIMES, suspended at the limber end
Of plane-tree spray, among the broad-leaved shoots,
The tiny hammock swings to every gale;
Sometimes in closest thickets 'tis concealed;
Sometimes in hedge luxuriant, where the brier,
The bramble, and the crooked plum-tree branch,
Warp through the thorn, surmounted by the flowers
Of climbing vetch, and honeysuckle wild,
All undefaced by art's deforming hand.
But mark the pretty bird himself! how light
And quick his every motion, every note!
How beautiful his plumes! his red-tinged head;
His breast of brown: and see him stretch his wing,—
A fairy fan of golden spokes it seems.

GRAHAM.

DIRGE,

INTRODUCED IN SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell:

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks fast, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all,
  together.

Within that house secure he hides
When danger imminent betides,
Or storms, or other harms besides
  of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself, has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
the faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
He and his house are so combined,
If finding it he fail to find
its master.

COWPER.

UNFOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS rise and shake off sleep,
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through your windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops has run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Brighter with his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy swains! and fill
Bag and bottle for the field;
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lays longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day.
Feed your faithful dogs, and pray
Heaven to keep you from decay,
So unfold, and then away.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SUMMER EVENING AT THE FARM.

Down the deep, the miry lane
Creaking comes the empty wain;
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft, with his accustomed call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thrasher puts his jacket on;
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.

Here comes Shepherd Jack at last,
He has penned the sheep-cote fast;
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor.
His empty wallet Rover carries,
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue, he runs to try
If the horse-trough is not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper-messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field.
The snare for mister fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet;
And Bess has stolen away to talk
With Roger, in the holly-walk.

KIRKE WHITE.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wild surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh, modest Moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around thee zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the Summer's heat,
Picturing all the rustic's joy,
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity;
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou showest thy face, oh Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound!
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy;
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blust'ring whirlwinds spare.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE BOWER.

Mild-breathing Zephyr, father of the Spring,
Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,
Who, sheltered here, shrunk from the wintry day,
And careless slept the stormy hours away,
Hath roused himself, and shook his feathers wet
With purple swelling odours, and hath let
The sweet and fruitful dew fall on this ground,
To force out all the flowers that might be found.
The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train
So many lights and shadows, nor the rain
Heaven-painted bow, when that the sun doth court her;
Nor purple pheasant, while his mate doth sport her,
To hear him crow, and with a beauteous pride
Wave his discoloured neck and purple side.
I have not seen the place could more surprise,
More beautiful in Nature's varied dyes.
Lo! the blue bind-weed doth itself unfold
With honeysuckle, and both these entwine
Themselves with briony and jessamine,
To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.
The balmy west wind blows, and every sense
Is soothed and courted:—trees have got their heads,
The fields their coats, the dewy shining meads
Do boast the pansy, lily, and the rose,
And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows.
The seas are now more even than the earth,
Or gently swell as curled by Zephyr's breath.
The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand,
The wanton heifer through the grassy land
Plays wildly free, her horns scarce budding yet;
While in the sunny fields the new-dropt lambs
Gambol, rejoicing round their milky dams.
Hark! how each bow a several music yields;
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale;
The chirping swallow, called forth by the sun,
And crested lark, doth her division run;
The yellow bees the air with music fill,
The finches carol, and the turtles bill.—Ben Jonson.

EVENING.

Soft through the dusky light half seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene;
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milkmaid chants;
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile;
Nor wants their fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothèd sense;
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,
Nor dewy grass to breathe perfume,
Nor lurking wild thyme's spicy sweet,
To bathe in dew my roving feet:

Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell,
Nor lowing faint from herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosomed cot:
Rustle the breezes, lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn;
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the west,
That all aslant the village-tower
A mild reflected radiance pour;
While with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze.

At length the parting light subdues
My softened soul to calmest views,
And faintest shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray,
In musings lapped, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till contemplation has her fill,
And on each moss-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

Warton.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE went three kings into the east—
Three kings both great and high;
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall:
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head well armed with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn entered mild,
And he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they have ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in good Scotland!—BURNS.

CONVALESCENCE.

SEE the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.—GRAY.

THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

I've swept o'er the mountain, the forest, and fell,
I've played on the rock where the wild chamois dwell,
I have tracked the desert so dreary and rude,
Through the pathless depths of its solitude;
Through the ocean-caves of the stormy sea,
My spirit has wandered at midnight free;
I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
I have moaned in the ear through the rosy shell;
I have roamed alone by the gurgling stream,
I have danced at eve with the pale moonbeam;
I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
Till my breath the dew from its lips has dried,
I have stolen away, on my silken wing,
The violets' scent in the early Spring.
I have hung over groves where the citron grows,
And the clustering bloom of the orange blows.
I have wafted the sigh from the lover's breast,
To the lips of the maiden he loved the best.
I have sped the dove on its errand home,
O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt dome.
I have hushed the babe in its cradled rest,
With my song, to sleep on its mother's breast.
I have chased the clouds in their dark career,
Till they hung on my wings in their shapes of fear;
I have rent the oak from its forest-bed,
And the flaming brand of the fire-king sped;
I have rushed with the fierce tornado forth,
On the tempest's wing from the stormy north;
I have lashed the waves till they rose in pride,
And the mariner's skill in their wrath defied;
I have borne the mandate of fate and doom,
And swept the wretch to his watery tomb.
I have shrieked the wail of the murdered dead,
Till the guilty spirit hath shrunk with dread.
I have hymned my dirge o'er the silent grave,
And bade the cypress more darkly wave.
There is not a spot upon land or sea,
Where thou mayst not, enthusiast, wander with me.

ELEANOR DICKENSON.

THE AMERICAN WATER-FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue,
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or maze of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere!
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a Summer-home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Bryant.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.

Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh, look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee!

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded
But by gauds which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In Adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light:

But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between?
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green?

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.
Patience? More than sunshine bright'ning
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?
But the gate to life unending,
Joy, in heaven! or woe, in hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thy own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated?
Much may still be left to do:
Be not by profession treated;
Live—as if thou knew'st them true.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I've given to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield,
To me, oh, nightly be thy splendour given!
Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf, with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of Heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
Amid their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amid the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade!

Oh! may no feathered foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat!
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee, 'mid the humming myriads, die.

Queen of the insect world! what leaves delight?
Of such, these willing hands a bower shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.
Sweet child of stillness! 'mid the awful calm
Of pausing Nature, thou art pleased to dwell
In happy silence, to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

DR. WALCOT.

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display,
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow,
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope, oh, how soon it would lessen my anguish!
That *to-morrow* will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet hope that *to-morrow* my wandering will cease;
That at home then with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete;
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow may see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppressed,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a *to-morrow* of endless delight!

But the infidel then, he sees no *to-morrow:*
Yet he knows that his moments are hastening away;
Poor wretch! can he feel, without heart-rending sorrow;
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day!

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the falling fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their starry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, oh, ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home,
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding foot-step, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!

There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh! what have ye looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices, that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone!—is their mirth from the green hills passed?
—Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The Summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's; fare ye well, farewell!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

MINDFUL of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The fleecy storm returning still,
The morning hour and evening chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring:
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossomed boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps;
O'er the field of waving broom,
Slowly shoots the golden bloom;
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequered charm is flown,
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand;
The fresh-turned soil, with tender blades,
Thinly the spreading barley shades;
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-robed appears the hawthorn hedge:
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.
Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,

Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil,
Looks through the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues,
'Mid the dim rainbow's scattered hues.
Where, in venerable rows,
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreathe their capacious nests anew.
Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens, in faint degrees,
Tinge the tall groups in various trees;
While careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguished from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her Winter-vest.
Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile,
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy strains,
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his 'customed nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood,
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.
O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beaconed hill.
His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,

And stretched among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side;
While far beneath, where Nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.
  Yet in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance,
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

WARTON.

THE LILY AND ROSE.

THE snowy Lily pressed with heavy rain,
  Which fills her cup with showers up to the brink,
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
  The head, but low beneath the burden sinks.
Or should the virgin Rose her leaves display,
And ope her bosom to the blaze of day,
Down drops her double ruff, and all her charms decay.

Languid and dying seems the purple flower,
  Fainting through heat, low hangs her drooping head;
But if revived by a soft falling shower,
  Again her lively beauties she doth spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the sun doth now more gently play,
Lays out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

G. FLETCHER.

THE APRIL DAY.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropt
  Their garnered fulness down;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapt
  Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
  To break the calm of Nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
  Of life or living creature,
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
  Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
  The leaves and blossoms growing.
I stood to hear, I love it well,
  The rain's continuous sound,
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell
  Down straight into the ground:
For leafy thickness is not yet
  Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
  With shoots of tender green.
Sure, since I looked at early morn,
  Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
  Hath put forth larger studs;
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
  The milk-white flowers revealing;
E'en now, upon my senses first,
  Methinks their sweets are stealing:
The very earth, the steamy air,
  Is all with fragrance rife!
And grace and beauty everywhere
  Are flushing into life.
Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
  Those earth-rejoicing drops;
A momentary deluge pours,
  Then thins, decreases, stops.
And ere the dimples on the stream
  Have circled out of sight,
Lo, from the west a parting gleam
  Breaks forth of amber light.

Dale.

THE FAIRY QUEEN SLEEPING.

On yonder bank, where fragrant wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine,
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lulled in those flowers with dances and delight.
And there the snake rolls his enamelled skin,
Full wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
Those cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those are rubies, fairy favours,
In these freckles live their savours.
Her small elves seek for dew-drops near,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

SHAKSPEARE.

ADVANTAGES OF EXERCISE TO HEALTH.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given:
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health:—in proof of this,
Behold the wretch who flings his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

Oh! who can speak the vigorous joys of health,
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind;
The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find:
See how the young lambs frisk along the meads
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with joy, their joy all joy exceeds;
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure breeds?

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *rich children* leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave!

THOMSON.

THE MOURNER.

WEEP no more, or sigh or moan,
Grief recalls no hour that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh or grow again.

Braid thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends no eye can see.
Joys, as winged dreams, fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Soon life's happiest hour is o'er;
Gentlest fair! mourn, mourn no more!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE DYING STAG.

Low in a grassy dingle he was laid,
With wild-wood primroses befreckled;
Over his head the wanton shadows played
Of a young olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seemed to crown his head.
And here he came, pierced by a fatal blow,
As in a wood he walked securely feeding,
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding,
Bade farewell to the woods that round him wave,
While tears from drooping flowers bedew his turfy grave.

G. FLETCHER.

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow!
Not all the storms that shake the pole,
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth, unaltered brow.

O come, in simplest vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
Oh! gently guide my pilgrim feet,
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye,
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek,
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage,
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submitted head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

Oh! say what soft propitious hour,
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway:
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid?
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering through the shade.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE SOLITARY WALK AT NOON.

HERE, unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander; neither mist,
Nor freezing sky, nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Even in the Spring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad,
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And deck their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stock-dove, unalarmed,
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.

COWPER.

ODE TO SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth
(Crowned with fresh blooms, and ever-springing shade)
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose pow'rful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await,
With songs, and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and downy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth,
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem;

And feed the flow'ring osier's early shoots;
And call those winds, which through the whisp'ring boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark the spreading tints steal o'er the dale:
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph! approach, while yet the temp'rate sun,
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch their tresses; and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For, oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone.

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights,
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

MRS. BARBAULD.

FAIRIES' SONG.

YE spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Weaving spiders, come not here,
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel! with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Never charm, or spell or harm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So, good night! with lullaby.

SHAKSPEARE.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free.
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying,
There on beds of vi'lets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides;
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Of listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
Where the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nutbrown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end:
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, cropful, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On Summer eves, by haunted stream,
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.
And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright,
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue:
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain,)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim garden takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In his sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy evening song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heavens' wide pathless way
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Plato's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear.
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,

Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt:
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dew-feathered Sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And as I wake sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appalled the unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disordered fly;
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms joined,
Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?
Thou who such weary lengths hast passed,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollowed seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought,
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought?
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told,
And, lest thou meet my blasted view
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;

Ne'er be I found by thee o'erawed,
In that thrice-hallowed eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
The pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou whose spirit most possessed
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee.

COLLINS.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY! twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.
Too lightly glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright;
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady! weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due:
The myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady! twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew;
On favoured Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves, of emerald green:

But, lady! twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, lady! twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are passed,
And I have looked and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew,
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, lady! weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A FAIRY'S FAVOURS.

BE kind and courteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bag steal from the humble bees,
And for wax-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
To light my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves! and do him courtesies.
I'll have a venturous fairy that shall ransack
The squirrel's hoard, to seek new nuts for him;
I'll give him fairies to attend on him,
And they shall fetch him jewels from the deep,
And sing, whilst he on pressèd flowers doth sleep.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE PLANE TREE AND THE VINE.

FROM THE LATIN.

See yonder blushing vine tree grow,
And clasp a dry and withered plane;
And round its youthful tendrils throw,
A shelter from the storm and rain.

That hapless trunk, in former time,
Gave covert from the noon-tide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb,
Which now the pious debt repays.

Thus for a mother's fostering care,
Mayst thou a tender love return;
Shield her when life's rude tempests lower,
And wreathe with flowers her sacred urn.

SONG OF THE CID.

The Cid is sitting, in martial state,
Within Valentia's wall;
And chiefs of high renown attend
The knightly festival.

Brave Alvar Fanez, and a troop
Of gallant men, were there;
And there came Donna Ximena,
His wife, and daughters fair.

When the foot-page bent on his knee,
What tidings brought he then?
'Morocco's king is on the seas,
With fifty thousand men.'

'Now God be praised!' the Cid he cried,
'Let every hold be stored;
Let fly the holy Gonfalon,
And give 'St. James!' the word.'

And now, upon the turret high,
Was heard the signal drum;
And loud the watchman blew his trump,
And cried, 'They come! they come!'

The Cid then raised his sword on high,
And by God's Mother swore,
These walls, hard-gotten, he would keep,
Or bathe their base in gore.

'My wife, my daughter, what! in tears!
Nay, hang not thus your head:
For you shall see how well we fight;
How soldiers earn their bread.

'We will go out against the Moors,
And crush them in your sight;'
And all the Christians shouted loud,
'May God defend the right!'

He took his wife and daughter's hand,
So resolute was he,
And led them to the highest tower
That overlooks the sea.

They saw how vast a pagan power
Came sailing o'er the brine;
They saw, beneath the morning light,
The Moorish crescents shine.

These ladies then grew deadly pale,
As heart-struck with dismay;
And when they heard the tambours beat,
They turned their heads away.

The throngèd streamers glittering flew,
The sun was shining bright,
'Now cheer,' the valiant Cid he cried;
'This is a glorious sight!'

Whilst thus, with shuddering look aghast,
These fearful ladies stood,
The Cid he raised his sword, and cried,
'All this is for your good.

'Ere fifteen days are gone and past,
If God assist the right,
Those tambours that now sound to scare,
Shall sound for your delight.'

The Moors, who pressed beneath the towers,
Now 'Allah! Allah!' sung;
Each Christian knight his broadsword drew,
And loud the trumpets rung.

Then up the noble Cid bespoke,
'Let each brave warrior go,
And arm himself, in dusk of morn,
Ere chanticleer shall crow;

'And in the lofty minster church
On Santiago call,—
That good Bishoppe Hieronymo,
Shall there absolve you all.

'But let us prudent counsel take,
In this eventful hour;
For yon proud Infidels, I ween,
They are a mighty power.'

Then Alvar Fanez counselled well,
'We will deceive the foe,
And ambush with three hundred men
Ere the first cock does crow;

'And when against the Moorish men
The Cid leads up his powers,—
We, rushing from the hollow glen,
Will fall on them with ours.'

This counsel pleased the Chieftain well:
He said it should be so;
And the good Bishop should sing mass,
Ere the first cock did crow.

The day is gone, the night is come:
At cock-crow all appear
In Pedro's church, to shrive themselves,
And holy mass to hear:

On Santiago there they called,
To hear them and to save:
And that good Bishop, at the mass,
Great absolution gave.

'Fear not,' he cried, 'when thousands bleed,
When horse on man shall roll!
Whoever dies, I take his sins,
And God shall save his soul.

'A boon! a boon!' the Bishop cried,
'I have sung mass to-day;
Let me be foremost in the fight,
And lead the bloody fray.'

Now Alvar Fanez and his men
Had gained the thicket's shade;
And, with hushed breath and anxious eye,
Had there their ambush laid.

Four thousand men, with trump, and shout,
Forth issued from the gate;
Where my bright Cid, in harness bright,
On Baviéca sate.

They passed the ambush on the left,
And marched o'er dale and down,
Till soon they saw the Moorish camp
Betwixt them and the town.

My Cid then spurred his horse, and set
The battle in array.
The first beam on his standard shone,
Which Pedro bore that day.

When this the Moors astonied saw,
'Allah!' began their cry:
The tambours beat, the cymbals rung,
As they would rend the sky.

'Banner, advance;' my Cid cried then,
And raised aloft his sword;
The whole host answered with a shout,
'Saint Mary, and our Lord!'

That good Bishop, Hieronymo,
Bravely his battle bore;
And cried, as he spurred on his resolute steed,
'Hurrah! for the Campeador!'

The Moorish and the Christian host
Mingle their dying cries,
And many a horse along the plain
Without his rider flies.

Now Alvar Fanez, and his men,
Who crouched in thickets low,
Leaped up, and, with the lightning glance,
Rushed on the wavering foe.

The Moors, who saw their pennons gay
All waving in the wind,
Fled in despair, for still they feared
A greater host behind.

The crescent sinks!—'Pursue! pursue!
Haste—spur along the plain!
See where they fall—see where they lie,
Never to rise again.'

Of fifty thousand, who at morn
Came forth in armour bright,
Scarce fifteen thousand souls were left,
To tell the tale at night.

My Cid then wiped his bloody brow,
And thus was heard to say,
'Well, Baviéca, hast thou sped,
My noble horse! to-day!'

If thousands then escaped the sword,
Let none my Cid condemn;
For they were swept into the sea,
And the surge went over them.

There's many a maid of Tetuan
All day shall sit and weep,
But never see her lover's sail
Shine on the northern deep.

There's many a mother, with her babe,
Shall pace the sounding shore,
And think upon its father's smile,
Whom she shall see no more.

Rock, hoary Ocean! mournfully,
Upon thy billowy bed;
For, dark and deep, thy surges sweep
O'er thousands of the dead.

BOWLES.

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-robed Son of Light,
Swift darting from his heavenly height,
Here deign to take his hallowed stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions clothed with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?

And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Though now ye circle yon eternal throne,
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of Fate?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light
Darts swiftly from his heavenly height:
No train of radiant Saints descend.
'Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
If guilt, if fraud, has stained your mind,
Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend.'
So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne:
Where aye she sits with star-wreathed lustre crowned:
A bright Sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

'Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break through the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not Reason in this form descry
Unnumbered, nameless glories, that surpass
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the di'mond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays—
Shall she be deemed my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mouldering clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone; while I appear
Flushed with the bloom of youth through Heaven's eternal year.

'Know, mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in ether hung,

I shone amid the heavenly throng;
These eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant song.
Pleased I surveyed bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flowering earth,
And Ocean heave on its extended bed,
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

'Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heaven's hallowed image stamped upon his face;
And, as he rose, the high behest was given
That I alone, of all the host of Heaven,
Should reign Protectress of the godlike youth:
Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and called me Truth.'

MASON.

MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I WALKED by mysel' ower the sweet braes o' Yarrow,
When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was drest;
But the sang o' the bonny burn sounded like sorrow,
Round ilka house cald as a last simmer's nest.

I looked through the lift o' the blue smiling morning,
But never ae wee cloud o' mist could I see
On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,
Hanging white ower the green o' its sheltering tree.

By the outside I kenned that the inn was forsaken,
That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the floor;—
O loud crawed the cock whare was nane to awaken,
And the wild-raven croaked on the seat by the door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep!
I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children
Dancing on to the school-house just wakened frae sleep.

I passed by the school-house—when strangers were coming,
Whose windows with glad faces seemed all alive;
Ae moment I harkened, but heard nae sweet humming,
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I passed by the pool where the lasses at daw'ing
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin and din;
But the foam in the silence o' Nature was fa'ing,
And nae laughing rose loud through the roar of the linn.

I gaed into a small town—when sick o' my roaming—
Whare ance played the viol, the tabor, and flute;
'Twas the hour loved by Labour, the saft smiling gloaming,
Yet the green round the Cross-stane was empty and mute.

To the yellow-flowered meadow, and scant rings o' tillage,
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;
The cushat-dow coo'd in the midst o' the village,
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men!

Sweet Denholm! not thus, when I lived in thy bosom,
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;
Then nane was sae weary that Love would nae rouse him,
And Grief gaed to dance with a laugh on his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een—as the moonshine was beaming,
On the kirk-tower that rose up sae silent and white;
The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,
But the still finger tauld not the hour of the night.

The mirk time passed slowly in siching and weeping,
I wakened, and Nature lay silent in mirth;
Ower a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,
And Heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was ringing,
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill;
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm tune was singing,
And I missed the wee voices sae sweet and sae shrill.

I looked ower the quiet o' Death's empty dwelling,
The lav'rock walked mute 'mid the sorrowful scene,
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were swelling
Ower the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last simmer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh! in Spring-time 'tis eerie, when Winter is over,
And birds should be glinting ower forest and lea,
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,
And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree;

But eerier far, when the Spring-land rejoices,
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,
To hearken! and naewhere hear sweet human voices;
When man's soul is dark in the season o' light.

WILSON.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm Vot'ress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, bellowing through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure found beneath thy sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Heath,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

COLLINS.

THE BELLS OF OSTEND.

No, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!
The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it passed through each murmuring shroud.
My forehead was wet with the foam of the spray,
My heart sighed in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanced from the east,
The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased;
The peal, from a land I ne'er saw, seemed to say,
'Let the stranger forget every sorrow to-day!'
Yet the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;

I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave.
I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,
Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.
But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled to the air,
Seemed tidings of pleasure, though mournful, to bear,
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

BOWLES.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that singst away the early hours
Of Winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are—
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness doth declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers:
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attuned in sweetness) sweetly is not driven,
Quite to forget earth's troubles, cares, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

THE MAGIC LAMP.

'ON the cavern's chilling stone
Faint with terror, lost, alone;
Young Aladdin, dost thou lie,
Waiting for thine hour to die?'
Rushing in his spell-bound sleep
Tens of thousand fathoms deep,
What is o'er his shrinking head?
Ocean thundering on its bed.
What beneath that rocky floor?
Gulfs of ever-burning ore!

There came a voice, it was strange and sweet
As the sounds that on evening waters meet,
When the winds on the purpling mountain die,
And the sun gives his farewell look to the sky.
Is it a dream? He feels his hand
Touched by the point of a feathery wand,
And his dying glance is raised from the stone—
Along the roof a radiance shone,
A gentle glory like the line
Of the rising crescent argentine,
And hovering in its central white,
On azure wings, a shape of light,
The eye that looked its ringlets through,
Was bright as the stars of the Himmalu,
Or the violet flash of the Northern sky;
And on its ringlets clustering high
A coronet shed a steady glow,
Like a ring of flame imprisoned in snow.
It spoke, and its wings' descending wave
With a breath of odours filled the cave.

'Lord of the talisman of might,
That binds to man the sons of light,
We heard thee in our airy hall,
Above the dog-star's burning ball;
And now at our master's summoning,
Behold, the Genii of the Ring.'

Aladdin knelt, the Moslem's breast
Was bowed, in homage, to the east.
A blaze of lightning o'er him shot,
And where it struck, a burning spot
Still shone upon the granite wall.
It wavered and spread like a fiery pall,
Sanguine and more sanguine growing,
Till the whole sheet of rock was glowing
In gushes and serpent coils of flame
That seared his eyes and scorched his frame!
Woe, woe, to the lord of the talisman.
Terror and anguish through him ran;
'There must he fall.' He strove to fling
From his dying hand the Mystic Ring.

The sulphurous flame before him rolled,
But 'twas now like the verdure soft and cold
That Spring embroiders for Persian vales,
When the moonlight awakes the nightingales.
Then rose and fell on his ear a sound,
Like music echoing under ground;
Singing and sweet, yet unsubdued,
Like the distant song of multitude;
Or the wind's melody, when the sun
Has his first garland of crimson thrown
On the dusky Eastern sea;
Or the forest's evening harmony,
When every leaf has found a tongue:
A swelling, strange, inconstant song.
And, crowding, through the lunar light,
Came glittering shapes, then passed from sight:
Winged spirits, floating in beauty round,
To the risings and fallings of that sweet sound.
And on the ringlets of each fair brow
The circlet of flame imprisoned in snow;
Till the chant was done, and the train were gone,
Dissolving like airs and dews through the stone.

Now rose on his sight a Pagoda old,
Flourished with sculptures wild and bold;
And around it piles of ancient stone
Like the tombs of monarchs dead and gone,
Covered with carpets of giant weeds
And mighty trunks, where the adder breeds.
He burst the gate. But his eagle gaze
Shrank in the lightning's arrowy rays,
That shot from the trees of the palace bower,
Thick as the drops of a summer shower.
The fruits o'er his head and the flowers at his feet
Were living topaz and chrysolite,
The smallest shrub that shook in the wind
Was worth all the pearls of the princes of Ind.
But he saw not, he touched not, but struggled on,
Where his charmèd life must be lost or won;
Where blazed in the garden's depth the Lamp,
Like the central fire of an eastern camp,

When the turbaned Rajah and swarthy Khan
Prepare for the fight in the midnight divan.
The piercing blaze of that lofty light
Marked the place of mystery and might,
Whence the spirits of many an evil Star
Shot the shafts of pestilence and war;
And Famine's cold breath was blown on the soil,
And Death led the Tartar and Curd to the spoil.
The blaze of the talisman was sent
Through the wavering folds of a boundless tent,
That like clouds of amber and orange shone
Round the garden's bright, unsetting Sun:
For there it had flamed from earth's primal hour,
The sun and the soul of king Lucifer's bower.

He climbed the hill. A roar of flame
Showed where the lava round him came;
A thousand arrows were on the wing,
He could hear the twanging of the string;
A thousand scimitars cleft the air,
Yet they touched not one lock of his waving hair.
The curtain arose. The Lamp's fierce light
Shot gushes of flame on his withering sight:
But he pressed the ring, and he saw their fire
Shrink, like a wounded dragon's spire.
And fiendish curse and loud lament
Swelled from the depths of the genie tent,
Mingled with shrieks and battle cries,
Women's and warriors' agonies.
But still he rushed on, though from head to heel
He felt his startled senses reel.
He touched the Lamp; down sank the flame—
Thunder, and tempest, and midnight came.

His senses were gone.—When he gazed again,
He was standing beside a fearful den;
But o'er his head was the dewy light
That heralds the stars of the Persian night;
And played on his cheek the dewy air,
And the dew was cool on his raven hair;
And where the moon on the mountains lay,
He saw rampart and minaret tall and gray.

'Tis his Persian hound that beside him lies,
'Tis his Turcoman steed that beside him neighs,
'Tis BAGDAD that sleeps in the silver showers
By the moonlight shed on those stately towers.
But a chant is heard of voice and string—
'Aladdin rise, and be more than a king.'
The Lamp, dominion's master-sign,
The Ring of the genie lords are thine;
Yet the warrior-soul the prize that won,
Is brighter than Lamp, and Ring, and throne.'

CROLY.

THE LITTLE SWEEP.

THEY sing of the poor sailor boy, who wanders o'er the deep,
But few are they who think upon the friendless LITTLE SWEEP!
In darkness to his dreary toil, through Winter's frost and snows,
When the keen north is piping shrill, the shivering urchin goes.

He has no father, and from grief his mother's eyes are dim,
And none besides, in all the world, awakes to pray for HIM:
For him no Summer Sundays smile, no health is in the breeze;
His mind dark as his fate, his frame a prey to dire disease.

Oh, English Gentlemen! your hearts have bled for the black slave,
You heard his melancholy moan from the Atlantic wave:
He thought upon his father's land, and cried, 'a LONG FAREWELL,'
But blessed you, gazing at the sun, when first his fetters fell.

And if ye plead for creatures dumb, and deem their fate severe,
Shall *human* wrongs, in *your own* land, call forth no generous tear?
Humanity implores! Awake from apathy's cold sleep!
And, when you plead for other's wrongs, forget not the POOR SWEEP.

When Summer comes the bells shall ring, and flowers and hawthorns blow,
The village lasses and the lads shall all 'a-maying' go:
Kind-hearted lady, may thy soul in heaven a blessing reap,
Whose bounty at that season flows, to cheer the LITTLE SWEEP!

'Tis yours, ye English Gentlemen, such comforts to prolong;
'Tis yours the friendless to protect, and all who suffer wrong.
But *one* day in the toiling year the friendless sweep is gay:
Protect—and smiling industry shall make his long year MAY.

BOWLES.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O Nymph, with loosely flowing hair,
With buskined leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand;
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water you reside,

'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Midst forest dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke.
Where never human art appeared,
Nor e'en one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer tell,
To thy unknown, sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned,
By the sweetly-soothing sound!

Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crownèd heads,
Where laughter rose-lipped Hebe leads,
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Listening to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ:
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,

To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where, to avoid cold Winter's showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat!
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
'Give me another horse!' I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to the ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!
Oh! guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arched walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervour of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, oh! remove,
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,

When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic Maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line;
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallowed strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bidst me sing.
Oh, hear our prayer! Oh, hither come,
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb!
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling grave;
O Queen of numbers! once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, filled with unexhausted fire,
May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
And with some new unequalled song
O'er all our listening passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love,
Oh! deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch the enraptured heart;
Like lightning let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics' studied laws:
Oh, let each Muse's fame increase!
Oh, bid Britannia rival Greece!

WARTON.

MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE, NEAR A LIGHTHOUSE.

It is the witching hour. The Night
Sits on her cold, meridian height,
And the starry troops are seen
Camping round their ancient queen,
Till upon the eastern zone
Ascends a rival to her throne.
And the pearly, lunar horn
Shines, but a more silent morn.

Now the hamlet sounds are o'er,
Peasant laugh and closing door,
And the lazy-ebbing tide
Glistening leaves the sea-beach wide.
Yet ever and anon the ear
Listens, with no unpleasèd fear,
To the dreamy echoes deep
Sighed from the earth's mysterious sleep,
The heavings of the elm and oak,
As if a spirit in them spoke;
Drowsy sheep-bells, and the chime
Where the distant torrents climb;
Or the hum of wagoner,
Singing, his slow team to cheer;
Mingled with the watch-dog's bark,
Warning rovers of the dark;
Or the bell of midnight tolled
Dreary o'er the churchyard mould.

But above my casement, wound
With every flower that's sweetest found
On heathy hill or blossomed mead,
By the virgin's May-morn tread;
I see one sleepless, earthly star
Shoot its wild splendours free and far,
Defying night, and cloud, and shower,
The meteor of yon sea-shore tower.

Now, from ocean comes the gale,
Mixed with what might seem a wail;
Where some gallant company
Look their last upon the sky.

Folding in its fleecy cloud
The turret, like an idol proud
Glaring in his Indian cave
Over prostrate prince and slave.
Now, afar the mist is blown,
And the ruddy blaze is thrown
Where along the slumbering tide
The anchored ships like dolphins ride;
Touching into woofs of light
Sail and shroud, and pennant slight;
Hanging on the village spire
Tissues sweet of azure fire,
And with fairy-coloured gleam
Gliding the sweet-tinkling stream,
That beneath the hawthorn-brake
Glitters like a summer snake,
To where my lowly cottage roof
Hides, from the worldly din aloof,
Nestling in the fragrant twine
Of bushy rose and jessamine.

Now around me, and beneath,
All is slumber, still as death;
In my hand some pale, proud page
Of mankind's high heroic age,
By divinest Virgil sung,
On his Mantuan lilies flung:
Or the lovelorn poet,—he
Who pined by the Propontis' sea;
Or the strain that Sappho wept;
Ere she to her death-bed swept;
Or that Pindar's eagle wing
Dashed, immortal from the string.

Then in fancy's wayward fit,
I turn to Chaucer's mystic wit;
And in his old, enchanted glass,
See pilgrim, nun, and warrior pass;
Rosy smiles beneath the hood,
Steel-clad bosoms love-subdued,
Tonsured crowns, with roving eye,
All the old-world pageantry!

Or the blackened tome unhasp,
Shrined in brazen fold and clasp,
Where in the more than midnight veil
Tells old Alchemy her tale,
Secrets of a darker sphere,
Making the flesh shrink to hear!
How the mighty sigil tamed
The Spirit, while he raved and flamed;
Round the guarded circle wan
Rushing still with wilder ban,
Shaking from his dragon wings
Poisons, and all monstrous things;
Till within the crucible
Star-bright rose the master-spell,
And symphonies of earth and air
Told the 'Gem of gems' was there!

Or, with curious vision mazed,
I trace the monkish scroll emblazed
With gorgeous hues, and emblems high,
Legends of church and chivalry;
Kneeling saints, and prelates old,
Monarchs, silk and ermine stoled,
Cup and crosier, helm and targe,
Clustered on the dazzling marge!
While that dazzling marge within
Slumber blindness, pride and sin.

Thus bewitched the moments sweep,
Till the honey-pinioned sleep,
With his pleasant murmuring,
Seems in my drowsèd ear to ring:
And round my old romantic nook
I cast a superstitious look,
As the woodbine's breezy train
Waves across my rustic pane,
And, to fancy's clouded gaze,
Bluer winks the taper's blaze:
Nurse-taught things, that stamp the brain,
Though sullen reason call them vain!
Then, shook off my ghostly fear,
I watch the beacon's flaming sphere;

Or, with awed, thought-wandering eye,
Gaze on the blue Infinity;
Where, before he treads the tomb,
Man beholds the WORLD TO COME.

Thus charmèd dizziness, unchid,
Alights upon my drooping lid;
And, with due accustomed prayer,
Is closed the daily count of care;
And the heart is lapped in dreams,
Fanned by fresh, flower-breathing steams
Through the open casement sent;
Till Aurora's Eastern tent
Flames with chequered rose and gold,
And the radiant clouds are rolled
Before the solar chariot-yoke,
Like a Persian army broke:
And before his fiery car
Fades and flies the twilight star.

CROLY.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good;
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowliest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fallest.
Moon, that now meetest the orient Sun, now fliest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good: and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

TO MY FRIEND.

THERE is a sadness in my soul,
But whence, and why I cannot tell;
As though a Spirit's dark control
Had bound it with a deadening spell.

The Sun wears not that glorious brow
Poetic morns were wont to bring;
And many a wind that mourneth now,
A song of rapture used to sing.

There was a time when dream-formed lands
Grew bright upon my inward gaze,
And glittering seas with golden sands
Appeared in paradisal rays.

But all that Summer glow of thought
Hath saddened into wintry gloom;
And all that Fancy shaped and sought
Is buried in oblivion's tomb:

Of graves and lonely haunts I think,
Where yew-trees wave, and night winds yell;
And often o'er my soul there sink
The voices that have said, Farewell!

The bloom of life, the bright deceit,
The heavenliness of youth is o'er,
And joys that blossomed once so sweet,
Array them in their spring no more,—

Yet, dream not that I nurse a grief
That discontented moments bring;
Or sullen gloom, whose sole relief
Comes flowing from a bitter spring.

For human hearts, where'er they breathe,
Have still their human charm for me;
I would not bind a selfish wreath,
Without one bud of sympathy!

Then let me not a mournfulness
From clouds of hidden sorrow steal;
Nor wring from thee a vain distress,
A bosom soft as thine would feel.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

THE EVENING WALK.

A TRUCE to thought! and let us o'er the fields,
Across the down, or through the shelving wood,
Wind our uncertain way. Let Fancy lead,
And be it ours to follow and admire,
As well we may, the graces infinite
Of nature. Lay aside the sweet resource
That winter needs, and may at will obtain,
Of authors chaste and good, and let us read
The living page, whose every character
Delights, and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed. See, ere we pass
Alcanor's threshold, to the curious eye
A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction with her snowy bells,
The Lily of the Vale. She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun:
She to no state of dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth
Stoops their high heads, that vainly were exposed,
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,
Still sheltered and secure. And so the storm,
That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak,
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,
That shake the lofty monarch on his throne,
We lesser folks feel not. Keen are the pains
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.

But come, we loiter. Pass unnoticed by
The sleepy Crocus, and the staring Daisy,
The courtier of the sun. What see we there?

The lovesick Cowslip, that her head inclines,
To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek
And soft-eyed Primrose. Dandelion this,
Like fashion's slave, flashing for a day
All gold: but anon he doffs his gaudy suit.

Then mark
The melancholy Hyacinth, that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day.

How gay this meadow—like a gamesome boy
New clothed, his locks fresh combed and powdered, he
All health and spirits. Scarce so many stars
Shine in the azure canopy of Heaven,
As Kingcups here are scattered interspersed
With silver Daisies.

See, the toiling swain
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy Furze. How hard he fought
To win the glory of the barren waste!
For what more noble than the vernal furze
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
For ev'ry blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnished kingcup in his hand,
And quaff the subtile ether. Here they dance,
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see
Fantastically trod. There Oberon
His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes;
And there they foot it featly round, and laugh.
The sacred spot the superstitious ewe
Regards, and bites it not, in reverence.
Anon the drowsy clock tolls One—the cock
His clarion sounds—the dance breaks off—the lights
Are quenched—the music hushed—they speed away
Swifter than thought, and still the break of day
Outrun, and chasing Midnight as she flies,
Pursue her round the globe. So Fancy weaves
Her flimsy web, while sober Reason sits,

And smiling wonders at the puny work,
A net for her; then springs on eagle wing,
Constraint defies, and soars above the sun.

But mark with how peculiar grace yon wood,
That clothes the weary steep, waves in the breeze
Her sea of leaves; thither we turn our steps,
And by the way attend the cheerful sound
Of woodland harmony, that always fills
The merry vale between. How sweet the song
Day's harbinger attunes! I have not heard
Such elegant divisions drawn from art.
And what is he that wins our admiration?
A little speck that floats upon the sunbeam.
What vast perfection cannot Nature crowd
Into a puny point! The nightingale,
Her solo anthem sung, and all that heard
Content, joins in the chorus of the day:
She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,
Just shows her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feathered seed, and twit, and twit;
And then, in bower of apple-blossoms perched,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.

The chimney-haunting swallow, too, my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twittered to young-eyed Day.

But most of all it wins my admiration,
To view the structure of this little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,

With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

The bee observe;
She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form; a cunning architect,
That at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flower to flower,
Travels the livelong day. Ye idle drones,
That rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, look here and learn
How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis,
To live by industry. The busy tribes
Of bees so emulous are daily fed
With Heaven's peculiar manna. 'Tis for them,
Unwearied alchymists, the blooming world
Nectareous gold distils. And bounteous Heaven,
Still to the diligent and active good,
Their very labour makes the certain cause
Of future wealth.

But see, the setting Sun
Puts on a milder countenance, and skirts
The undulated clouds, that cross his way
With glory visible. His axle cools,
And his broad disk, though fervent, not intense,
Foretels the near approach of matron Night.
Ye fair, retreat! Your drooping flowers need
Wholesome refreshment. Down the hedge-row path
We hasten home, and only slack our speed
To gaze a moment at th' accustomed gap,
That all so unexpectedly presents
The clear cerulean prospect down the vale.
Dispersed along the bottom flocks and herds,
Hay-ricks and cottages, beside a stream,
That silvery meanders here and there;
And higher up corn-fields, and pastures, hops,

And waving woods, and tufts, and lonely oaks,
Thick interspersed as Nature best was pleased.

Happy the man, who truly loves his home,
And never wanders further from his door
Than we have gone to-day; who feels his heart
Still drawing homeward, and delights, like us,
Once more to rest his foot on his own threshold.

HURDIS.

A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverent steps, from stone to stone
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!
Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion, wavering, slow
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long, long ago!
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom-feet!
What tenderness is in their eyes,
Turned where the poor survivor lies
'Mid monitory sanctities!
What years of vanished joy are fanned
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness! when the Shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears!
Vain hopes! blind sorrows! needless fears!
Such is the scene around me now:
A little Churchyard on the brow

Of a green pastoral hill;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's Summer rill;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still!
With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
That rose-tree's clustered arches! See
The robin-redbreast warily,
Bright, through the blossoms, leaves his nest;
Sweet ingrate! through the Winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy—
Through all the sunny Summer hours,
He hides himself among the flowers
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool
Hangs half the darkened churchyard o'er
From thy green depths so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore!
Oft have the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bowed at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid
On which they sat, and sang, and prayed.
Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven with all its dreams,
While in the belfry, deep and low,
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song, half bliss, half woe,
The voice so lonely seems!

WILSON.

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS, IN 1815.

'Tis noon: the flags cling close on roof and spire,
The sun burns broad, a ball of living fire;
The sky is blue—celestial, summer blue:
Here rise no sulphurous smokes to shroud its hue;
No clouds of pestilence, that mine and forge,
To blot out heaven and poison earth, disgorge.

Now comes the idler's hour. The beggar-bard
Takes his old quarters on the gay Boulevard;
Beneath the trees the Conjuror spreads his tools;
The Quack harangues his group of graver fools
In lofty lies, unruffled by the jar
Thrummed from his neighbour Savoyard's guitar;
Veiled virgins beam, like Dian in a mist;
Philosophers show mites; she-tumblers twist;
Each the fixed genius of some favourite tree,
Dryads and fauns of Gallic minstrelsy.
In double glories now, the broad Marchande,
Fire-eyed, her skin by Gascon summers tanned,
Red as the kerchief round her coal-black hair,
Lays out her tempting trays of rich and rare;
Resistless ruby bands, delicious rings,
In genuine paste; the true wax coral strings,
Mingling with wonders of profounder art,
Woman's dear helps to mystify the heart;
Crisp auburn curls,—to hide th' obtrusive gray,
That stubborn hue, which yet will make its way;
Glass eyes, mouse eyebrows, teeth like studs of snow,
Grinning in grim good humour row by row;
Secrets so stiffly kept from upper air,
Yet here let loose, the sex's whole repair.
And here, in all the splendours of placard,
Beauty's last polishers, the rouge and fard!
Mysterious things! that, like the tricks of dreams,
Make what is, seem not, while what is not, seems;
Deep witcheries! whose absence makes the fright,
Raising their ghosts at morn, their nymphs at night—

Soft potions! ministered with softest skill,—
Yet used with desperate intent—to kill;
Obedient charms! that many a charming maid
Summons long after all the rest are laid!

The air grows furnace-hot; flag, awning, screen,
Peep endless from those lovely lines of green;
Yet Autumn has been there;—the russet tinge,
Deep purples, pearly grays, the poplars fringe;
And ever in the distance, some proud tower
Looks out in feudal beauty from its bower.
All a strange, mirthful, melancholy show;
Stately decay above, wild life below!
This is no city scene. The tree, the tent,
The small bright flags that break the line's extent;
The guns defiling down the central road,
The escort round the halted convoy strowed,
The courier Cossack rushing in career,
With low-bent head, slack rein, and levelled spear,
The clang within the lines, the measured tramp,
The mime and minstrel sounds,—is this a camp?
And this a hurrying army, that have made
Their forest-halt till noon's high blaze is stayed;
To move with eve, to see the twilight's gray
Float on their banners many a league away;
At morn to spring to arms, at noon be laid
Silent and pale—nor care for sun or shade?
It is a camp; a matchless host;—the breeze
That lets in sunlight through the heaving trees,
Flings into sudden splendour form and plume,
Like visions, flashing bright, then lost in gloom;—
Perpetual blaze of gem, and steel, and gold;
Russ helm, Hungarian mantle's 'broidered fold,
Green Tartar turban, Georgian orange shawl
O'er silver mail; deep sables of Ural;
Broad bosoms corsleted with cross and star;
Dark, haughty faces, bronzed with glorious war,
Champions that each a battle's strength has stood,
Chief caterers of the vulture's fearful food;
Now mingled,—mighty with one triumph more,
Greatest and last,—Earth's day of war is o'er!

CROLY.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

[* No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day, arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer!
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The Sacred Volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from Truth's eternal fountain drew,
The pure and gladdening waters, day by day;
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly passed
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low-mouldering aisles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb,

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise,
In sweet communion rose before the Throne.

* The nine verses between brackets are not by the author of the Elegy, but have been suggested by a later writer, who, in common with many, has lamented the absence of such sentiments as are here supplied, in this otherwise exquisitely beautiful production.

Here, from those honoured lips, which sacred fire
From Heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflames, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear.

When life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Then gentle hands their 'dust to dust' consign;
With quiet tears, the simple rites are said;
And here they sleep, till, at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.]

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayard fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn, I missed him on th' accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway-path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

ANNA D'ARFET.

O'ER my poor Anna's lowly grave
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring,
But angels, as the high pines wave,
Their half-heard *miserere* sing!

No flowers of transient bloom at eve
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,
Sweets to the sweet! a long adieu!

But in this wilderness profound,
O'er her the dove shall build her nest;
And ocean swell with softer sound
A requiem to her dreams of rest!

Ah! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend, or human eye,
Shall mark beneath the mossy tree
The spot where we forgotten lie?

To kiss her name on the cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh! lay me with her in the grave.

BOWLES.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

ALL our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, bless,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick?—the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance?—enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice-happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh! say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
And what! no monument, no inscription stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.

POPE.

CHORUS OF BABYLONIANS.

AWAKE! awake! put on thy garb of pride,
Array thee like a sumptuous royal bride,
O festal Babylon!
Lady, whose ivory throne
Is by the side of many azure waters!
In floating dance, like birds upon the wing,
Send tinkling forth thy silver-sandalled daughters;
Send in the solemn march,
Beneath each portal arch,
Thy rich-robed lords to crowd the banquet of their King.
They come! they come! from both the illumined shores;
Down each long street the festive tumult pours;
Along the waters dark
Shoots many a gleaming bark,
Like stars along the midnight welkin flashing,
And galleys, with their masts enwreathed with light,
From their quick oars the kindling waters dashing;
In one long moving line
Along the bridge they shine,
And with their glad disturbance wake the peaceful night.
Hang forth, hang forth, in all your avenues,
The arching lamps of more than rainbow hues,
Oh! gardens of delight!
With the cool airs of night
Are lightly waved your silver-foliaged trees;
The deep embowered yet glowing blaze prolong
Height above height the lofty terraces;
Seeing this new day-break,
The nestling birds awake,
The nightingale hath hushed her sweet untimely song.
Lift up, lift up your golden-valvèd doors,
Spread to the glittering dance your marble floors,
Palace! whose spacious halls,
And far-receding walls,
Are hung with purple like the morning skies,
And all the living luxuries of sound
Pour from the long outstretching galleries;
Down every colonnade
The sumptuous board is laid,
With golden cups and lamps and bossy chargers crowned.

They haste, they haste! the high-crowned rulers stand,
Each with his sceptre in his kingly hand;
The bearded Elders sage,
Though pale with thought and age;
Those through whose bounteous and unfailing hands
The tributary streams of treasure flow
From the rich bounds of earth's remotest lands;
All but the pomp and pride
Of battle laid aside,
Chaldea's Captains stand in many a glittering row.

They glide! they glide! each, like an antelope,
Bounding in beauty on a sunny slope,
With full and speaking eyes,
And graceful necks that rise
O'er snowy bosoms in their emulous pride,
The chosen of earth's choicest loveliness;
Some with the veil thrown timidly aside,
Some boastful and elate
In their majestic state,
Whose bridal bed Belshazzar's self hath deigned to bless.

Come forth! come forth! and crown the peerless feast,
Thou whose high birthright was the effulgent East!
On th' ivory seat alone,
Monarch of Babylon!
Survey the interminable wilderness
Of splendour, stretching far beyond the sight;
Nought but thy presence wants there now to bless:
The music waits for thee,
Its fount of harmony,
Transcending glory thou of this thrice-glorious night!

Behold! behold! each gem-crowned forehead proud,
And every plume and crested helm, is bowed,
Each high-arched vault along
Breaks out the blaze of song,
Belshazzar comes! nor Bel, when he returns
From riding on his stormy thunder-cloud,
To where his bright celestial palace burns,
Alights with loftier tread,
More full of stately dead,
While under his fixed feet the loaded skies are bowed.

MILMAN.

ENGLAND.

Fronting the wave-environed shore of France,
And bulwarked with her everlasting main,
O'er which the cloud-white cliffs sublimely gaze,
Like genii, reared for her defence, behold
The Isle-queen!—every billow sounds her fame!
The Ocean is her proud triumphal car
Whereon she rideth, and the rolling waves
The vassals which secure her victory;
Alone, and matchless in her sceptred might,
She dares the world. The spirit of the brave
Burns in her; laws are liberty; and kings
Wear crowns that glitter with a people's love,
And, while undimmed, their glory aye endures;
But once dishonoured,—and the sceptre falls,
The throne is shaken, patriot voices rise,
And, like stormed billows by the tyrant gale
Awakened, loud and haughty is their roar!

Heaven-favoured land! of grandeur, and of gloom,
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound;
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine: the sky of blue intensity,
Or charmed by sunshine into picture-clouds,
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad,—
The dingle gray, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,
And steepled cities, faint and far away,
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale,
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene.

But ocean is thy glory; and methinks
Some musing wanderer by the shore I see,
Weaving his island-fancies.—Round him, rock
And cliff, whose gray trees mutter to the wind,
And streams down rushing with a torrent ire:

The sky seems craggy, with her cloud-piles hung,
Deep massed, as though embodied thunder lay
And darkened in a dream of havoc there!—
Before him, Ocean, yelling in the blast,
Wild as the death-wail of a drowning host:
The surges,—be they tempests as they roll,
Lashing their fury into living foam,
Yon war-ship shall outbrave them all;—her sails
Resent the winds, and their remorseless howl;
And when she ventures the abyss of waves,
Remounts, expands her wings, and then—away!
Proud as an eagle dashing through the clouds.

And well, brave scion of the empress Isle,
Thy spirit mingles with the mighty scene,
Hailing thy country on their ocean-throne.
But she hath dread atonements to complete,
And bloody tears to shed. Thy lofty dreams,
O England! may be humbled yet; behold!
The war-clouds rise,—beware! for in thine own
Great heart the darkness of Rebellion breeds,
And frowns of Heaven hang awful o'er thy doom!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

THE ISLES OF OCEAN.

OH! many are the beauteous isles
  Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the ocean smiles,
  In happy silence lie.
The ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
  Is resting on the main;
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
And never or by night or day,
  Shall pass these isles again.
There, groves that bloom in endless Spring,
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds in various plumage bright
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.

Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair
Float ever on the fragrant air,
  Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
The richly ripened clusters fall
  Oft as sea-breezes blow.
The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness;
And sweetly to each other smile
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
How silent lies each sheltered bay!
No other visitors have they
  To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
  All hurrying in a joyful band
Come dancing from the sea.

How did I love to sigh and weep
For those that sailed upon the deep,
  When, yet a wondering child,
I sat alone at dead of night,
Hanging all breathless with delight
  O'er their adventures wild!
Trembling I heard of dizzy shrouds,
Where up among the raving clouds
  The sailor-boy must go;
Thunder and lightning o'er his head!
And should he fall—O thought of dread!—
  Waves mountain-high below.
How leapt my heart with 'wildering fears,
Gazing on savage islanders
  Ranged fierce in long canoe,
Their poisoned spears, their war attire,
And plumes twined bright, like wreaths of fire,
  Round brows of dusky hue!
What tears would fill my wakeful eyes
When some delicious paradise
  (As if a cloud had rolled
On a sudden from the bursting sun),
Freshening the ocean where it shone,
Flung wide its groves of gold!

No more the pining mariner
In wild delirium raves,
For like an angel, kind and fair,
That smiles, and smiling saves,
The glory charms away distress,
Serene in silent loveliness
Amid the dash of waves.

WILSON.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

THE Norman armament, beneath thy rocks, St. Valerie,
Is moored; and, streaming to the morn, three hundred banners fly;
Of crimson silk, with golden cross, effulgent o'er the rest,
That banner proudest in the fleet, streams which the Lord had blessed.
The gale is fair, the sails are set, cheerly the south wind blows,
And Norman archers, all in steel, have grasped their good yew-bows;
Aloud the harpers strike their harps, whilst morning light is flung
Upon the cross-bows and the shields, that round the masts are hung.
Speed on, ye brave! 'tis William leads; bold barons, at his word,
Lo! sixty thousand men of might for William draw the sword.

So, bound to England's southern shore, we rolled upon the seas,
And gallant the white sails were set, and swelling to the breeze,
'On, on, to victory or death!' now rose the general cry;
The minstrels sung, 'On, on, ye brave, to death or victory!'
Mark yonder ship, how straight she steers: ye knights and barons brave,
'Tis William's ship, and proud she rides, the foremost o'er the wave.

And now we hailed the English coast, and lo! on Beachy Head,
The radiance of the setting sun majestical is shed.
The fleet sailed on, till, Pevensey, we saw thy welcome strand;
Duke William now his anchor casts, and dauntless leaps to land.
The English host by Harold led, at length appear in sight,
And now they raise a deafening shout, and stand prepared for fight;
The hostile legions halt awhile, and their long lines display,
Now front to front they stand, in still and terrible array.
Give out the word, 'God and our right!' rush like a storm along,
Lift up God's banner, and advance, resounding Roland's song!
Ye, spearmen, poise your lances well, by brave Montgomerie led,
Ye archers, bend your bows, and draw the arrows to the head.
They draw—the bent bows ring—huzzah! another flight, and, hark!
How the sharp arrowy shower beneath the sun goes hissing dark.

Hark! louder grows the deadly strife, till all the battle-plain
Is red with blood, and heaped around with men and horses slain.
'On! Normans, on!' Duke William cried, 'and, Harold, tremble thou,
Now think upon thy perjury, and of the broken vow.
The banner of thy armèd knight, thy shield, thy helm, are vain;'—
The fatal shaft has sped,—by Heaven! it hisses in his brain!—
So William won the English crown, and all his foemen beat,—
And Harold, and his Britons brave, lay silent at his feet.

BOWLES.

PAPER.

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption?) I,—
No wit, no genius,—yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various; and if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice as a band-box were his dwelling-place;
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy paper*, of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch, whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper;* such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught.
He foams with censure; with applause he raves—
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:
What is he? What? *Touch paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone:
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE MERRY HEART.

I WOULD not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits, light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for Dame Fortune's favour,
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipped aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laughed at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turned all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laughed at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good humour find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

MILMAN.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

WHAT is that, mother?—
The lark, my child.—
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—
The dove, my son.—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—
The eagle, boy.—
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—
The swan, my love.—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when Death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

DOANE.

THE FAIRIES.

A DREAM-LIKE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM.

IT chanced three merry Fairies met
On the bridge of a mountain rivulet,
Whose hanging arch through the misty spray,
Like a little lunar rainbow lay,
With turf and flowers a pathway meet
For the twinkling of unearthy feet,
For bright were the flowers as their golden tresses,
And green the turf as their elfin dresses,

Aye the water o'er the linn
Was mocking, with a gleesome din,
The small shrill laughter as it broke
In peals from these night-wandering folk;
While the stream danced on with a tinkling tune,
All happy to meet by a blink o' the moon.
Now laughing louder than before,
They strove to deaden that ceaseless roar;
And, when vanquished was the waterfall,
Loudly they shouted one and all,
Like the chorus of a madrigal,
Till the glen awoke from its midnight trance,
And o'er the hills in flight-like dance,
Was all the troop of echoes driven—
This moment on earth, and that in heaven.

From the silent heart of a hollow yew,
The owl sailed forth, with a loud halloo;
And his large yellow eyes looked bright
With wonder, in the wan moonlight,
As hovering white, and still as snow,
He caught a glance of the things below,
All burning on the bridge like fire
In the sea-green glow of their wild attire.
'Halloo! halloo! tu-whit! tu-whoo!'
Cried the gleesome elves, and away they flew,
With mimic shriek, sob, cry, and howl,
In headlong chase of the frightened owl.
With many a buffet they drove him onward,
Now hoisted him up, now pressed him downward;
They pulled at his horns, and with many a tweak,
Around and around they screwed his beak!
On his back they beat with a birch-spray flail,
And they tore the long feathers from his tail;
Then, like warriors mounted in their pride,
Behind his wings behold them ride!
And shouting, charge unto the war,
Each waving his soft plume-scymitar;
A war of laughter, not of tears,
The wild-wood's harmless cuirassiers.

Through the depth of ivy on the wall
(The sole remains of old Greystock Hall),
The screamer is driven, half scared to death;
And the gamesome Fairies, all out of breath,
Their tiny robes in the air arranging,
And kisses in their flight exchanging,
Now slowly with the soft wind stealing
Right onwards, round about, now wheeling,
Like leaves blown off in gusty weather,
To the rainbow-bridge all flock together;
And lo! on the green moss all alight,
Like a cluster of goldfinches mingling bright.

What feats the fairy creatures played!
Now seeming of the height afraid,
And folding the moss in fast embraces,
They peeped o'er the bridge with their lovely faces.
Now hanging like the fearless flowers
By their tiny arms in the cataract-showers,
Swung back and forward with delight,
Like pearls in the spray-shower burning bright!
Then they drop at once into the pool—
A moment gone! then beautiful,
Ascending on slow-hovering wing,
As if with darkness dallying,
They rose again, through the smiling air,
To their couch of moss and flow'rets fair,
And rooted lay in silence there.

Down into the gulf profound
Slid the stream without a sound!
A charm had hushed the thundering shocks,
And stillness steeped the blackened rocks.
'Twas fit, where these fair things were lying,
No sound, save of some zephyr sighing,
Should stir the gentle solitude!
The mountain's night-voice was subdued
To far-off music faint and dim,
From Nature's heart a holy hymn!
Nor was that universal strain
Through fairy bosoms breathed in vain;

Entranced in joy the creatures lay,
Listening the music far away,
Till one the deep'ning silence broke,
And thus in song-like murmurs spoke.

MOUNTAIN-FAIRY.

'Soon as the lingering sun was gone,
I sailed away from my sparry throne,
Mine own cool, silent, glimmering dwelling,
Below the roots of the huge Hylvellyn.
As onwards like a thought I flew,
From my wings fast fell the pearly dew,
Sweet tiny orbs of lucid ray,
Rising and setting on my way,
As if I had been some planet fair,
That ruled its own bright hemisphere.
'O beauteous sight!' the shepherd cried
To the shepherd slumbering at his side,—
'Look where the Mountain-Fairy flies!'
But ere he had opened his heavy eyes,
I had flown o'er Grassmere's moonlight flood,
And the rustling swing of old Rydal-Wood,
And sunk down 'mid the heather-bells
On the shady side of sweet Furness-Fells.
'Twas but one soft wave o' my wing,
A start, and an end to my journeying.
One moment's rest in a spot so drear,—
For the moonlight was sleeping on Windermere,
And I saw in that long pure streak of light
The joy and the sadness of the night,
And mine eyes, in sooth, began to fill,
So beautiful that lake—so still—
So motionless its gentle breast—
Save where, just rocking in their rest,
A crowd of water-lilies lay
Like stars amid the milky way.

'But what had I with the lake to do?
So off to the misty hills I flew,
And in dark ravines, and creviced rocks,
With my finger I counted my thousand flocks,

And each little lamb by name I blest,
As snow-white they lay in their innocent rest.
When I saw some weak, cold, tottering lamb,
Recline 'gainst the side of its pitiful dam,
Who seemed to have some 'wildering fear
Of death, as of a foe that was near,
I shone like a sunbeam soft and warm,
Till the fleece lay smooth on its strengthened form,
And the happy creatures lay down together
Like waves on the sea in gentle weather,
And in contentment calm and deep
Sank faintly bleating into sleep.

'In the soft moonlight glow I knew
Where the herbs that hold the poison grew;
And at the touch of my feathery foot
They withered at once both stalk and root,
But I shook not the gracious tears of night,
From the plants most dear to the shepherd's sight,
And with mellower lustre bade them spring
In the yellow round of the Fairy's ring,
Till, methought, the hillside smiled afar
With the face of many a verdant star.
I marked the fox at the mouth of his den,
And raised the shadows of hunter-men,
And I bade aerial beagles rave,
And the horn twang through the felon's cave,
Then buried him with famine in his grave.

'The raven sat upon Langdale-Peak,
With crested blood on his ebon beak,
And I dashed him headlong from the steep,
While the murderer croaked in his sullen sleep.
Away I sailed by the eagle's nest
And the eaglets couched warm beneath her breast,
But the shepherd shall miss her cry at morn,
For her eyes are dim and her plumage torn,
And I left in the eyrie the imps accurst
To die in their hunger, and cold, and thirst,
All, all is well with my lovely flocks!
And so I dropt suddenly down the rocks,

From Loughrig-top, like a falling star,
Seen doubtless through the mists afar
By a hundred shepherds on the hill,
Wandering among the moonlight still,
And with folded wings, and feet earth-bound,
I felt myself standing o'er the sound
Of this waterfall, and with joy espied
A sister-elf at either side!
My tale is told—nor strange nor new—
Now, sweet Lady Bright-Eyes! what say you?'

As some wild night-flower through the dew
Looks to the moon with freshened hue,
When a wandering breath of air
Hath lifted up its yellow hair,
And its own little glade grows bright
At the soft revealment of its light,
Upsprung, so sudden and so sweet,
The COTTAGE-FAIRY to her feet;
And, looking round her with a smile,
Silent the creature paused awhile,
Uncertain what glad thoughts should burst
In music from her spirit first,
Till, like a breath breathed clear from Heaven,
To her at once a voice was given,
And through the tune the words arose
As through the fragrant dew the leaflets of the rose.

COTTAGE-FAIRY.

'Sisters! I have seen this night
A hundred cottage-fires burn bright,
And a thousand happy faces shining
In the bursting blaze, and the gleam declining.
I care not, I, for the stars above,
The lights on earth are the lights I love:
Let Venus bless the evening air,
Uprise at morn Prince Lucifer,
But those little tiny stars be mine
That through the softened copse-wood shine,
With beauty crown the pastoral hill,
And glimmer o'er the sylvan rill,

Where stands the peasant's ivied nest,
And the huge mill-wheel is at rest.
From out the honeysuckle's bloom
I peeped into that laughing room,
Then, like a hail-drop, on the pane,
Pattering, I stilled the din again,
While every startled eye looked up;
And, half-raised to her lips the cup,
The rosy maiden's look met mine!
But I veiled mine eyes with the silken twine
Of the small wild roses clustering thickly;
Then to her seat returning quickly,
She 'gan to talk, with bashful glee,
Of Fairies 'neath the greenwood tree
Dancing by moonlight, and she blest
Gently our silent land of rest.
The infants playing on the floor,
At these wild words their sports gave o'er,
And asked where lived the Cottage-Fairy;
The maid replied, 'She loves to tarry
Oft-times beside our very hearth,
And joins in little children's mirth
When they are gladly innocent;
And sometimes beneath the leafy tent
That murmurs round our cottage-door,
Our overshadowing sycamore,
We see her dancing in a ring,
And hear the blessed creature sing—
A creature full of gentleness,
Rejoicing in our happiness.'
Then plucked I a wreath with many a gem
Burning—a flowery diadem;
And through the wicket with a glide
I slipped, and sat me down beside
The youngest of those infants fair,
And wreathed the blossoms round his hair.
'Who placed these flowers on William's head?'
His little wondering sister said;
'A wreath not half so bright and gay
Crowned me, upon the morn of May,
Queen of that sunny holiday.'

The tiny monarch laughed aloud
With pride among the loving crowd,
And, with my shrillest voice, I lent
A chorus to their merriment;
Then with such murmur as a bee
Makes, from a flower-cup suddenly
Borne off into the silent sky,
I skimmed away, and with delight
Sailed down the calm stream of the night,
Till, gently as a flake of snow,
Once more I dropped on earth below,
And girdled as with a rainbow zone,
The cot beloved I call mine own.

'Sweet Cot! that on the mountain-side
Looks to the stars of heaven with pride,
And then flings far its smiling cheer
O'er the radiant isles of Windermere,—
Blest! ever blest! thy sheltered roof!
Pain, grief, and trouble, stand aloof
From the shadow of thy green palm-tree!
Let nought from heaven e'er visit thee
But dews, and rays, and sounds of mirth;
And ever may this happy earth
Look happiest round thy small domain!
Thee were I ne'er to see again,
Methinks that agony and strife
Would fall e'en on a Fairy's life,
And nought should ever bless mine eyes
Save the dream of that vanished Paradise.
—The hushed bee-hives were still as death—
And the sleeping doves held fast their breath,
Nestling together on the thatch;
With my wing-tip I raised the latch,
And there that lovely lady shone,
In silence sitting all alone,
Beside the cradle of her child!
And ever as she gazed, she smiled
On his calm forehead, white as snow;
I rocked the cradle to and fro,
As on the broom a linnet's nest

Swings to the mild wind from the west;
And oft his little hands and breast,
With warm and dewy lips, I kissed.
'Sweet Fairy!' the glad mother said,
And down she knelt as if she prayed—
While glad was I to hear our name
Bestowed on such a beauteous frame,
And with my wings I hid mine eyes,
Till I saw the weeping kneeler rise
From her prayer in holy ecstasies!'

The COTTAGE-FAIRY ceased; and Night,
That seemed to feel a calm delight
In the breath of that sweet-warbling tongue,
Was sad at closing of the song,
And all her starry eyne looked dull,
Of late so brightly beautiful;
Till on the foxglove's topmost cup
The FAIRY OF THE LAKE leapt up,
And with that gorgeous column swinging,
By fits a low wild prelude singing,
And gracefully on tip-toe standing,
With outstretched arm, as if commanding,
The beauty of the Night again
Revived beneath her heavenly strain.—
Low, sad, and wild, were the tones I heard,
Like the opening song of the hidden bird,
Ere music steeps th' Italian vales
From the heart of a thousand nightingales;
But words were none; the balmy air
Grew vocal round that Elfin fair,
And, like her fragrant breath, the song
Dropped dewily from that sweet tongue:
But 'twas a language of her own,
To grosser human sense unknown;
And while in blissful reverie
My soul lived on that melody,
In a moment all as death was still;
Then, like an echo in a hill,
Far off one melancholy strain!
Too heavenly pure to rise again,—

And all alone the dreamer stood
Beside the disenchanted flood,
That rolled the rocky banks along
With its own dull, slow, mortal song.
—What wafted off the Fairies? hush!
The storm comes down the glen—crush—crush—
And as the blackening rain-cloud broke,
The pine-tree groans to the groaning oak!
Thunder is in the waving wood—
And from Rydal-mere's white-flashing flood
There comes through the mist an angry roar,
Loud as from the great sea-shore.
Well, I ween, the Fairies knew
The clouds that the sudden tempest brew,
And had heard far-off the raging rills,
As they leapt down from a hundred hills,—
And the ghostlike moan that wails and raves
From the toppling crags and the sable caves,—
Ere the night-storm in his wrath doth come,
And bids each meaner sound be dumb—
So they sailed away to the land of rest,
Each to the spot that it loved the best,
And left our noisy world!

WILSON.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!

Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread:
And ships were drifting with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go,—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

E'en I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death,—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou sawest the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

CAMPBELL.

PRAYER.

ERE the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away,
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer,
Be your *first* and *latest* care.

He, to whom the prayer is due,
From heaven, His throne, shall smile on you;
Angels sent by Him shall tend
Your daily labour to befriend,

And their nightly vigils keep
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath-bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
And 'God is in the midst of her.'

And oh! where'er your days be passed,
And oh! howe'er your lot be cast,
Still think on Him whose eye surveys,
Whose hand is over all your ways.

Abroad, at home, in weal, in woe,
That service, which to Heaven you owe,
That bounden service, duly pay,
And God shall be your strength alway.

He only to the heart can give
Peace and true pleasure while you live;
He only, when you yield your breath,
Can guide you through the vale of death.

He can, he will, from out the dust
Raise the blest spirits of the just;
Heal every wound, hush every fear;
From every eye wipe every tear;
And place them where distress is o'er,
And pleasures dwell for evermore.

MANT.

THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

I HEAR it in the Summer wind,
I feel it in the lightning's gleam:
A tongue in every leaf I find,
A voice in every running stream.
It speaks in the enamelled flower,
With grateful incense borne on high;
It echoes in the dripping shower,
And breathes in midnight's breathless sky.
Through all her scenes of foul and fair,
Nature presents a fervent prayer;

In all her myriad shapes of love,
Nature transmits a prayer above.

Day unto day, and night to night,
The eloquent appeal convey;
Flasheth the cheerful orb of light,
To bid creation bend and pray;
The shadowy clouds of darkness steal
Along the horizon's azure cope;
Bidding distracted nations kneel
To Him, the Lord of quenchless hope;
To Him, who died that hope might live,
And lived, eternal life to give;
Who bore the pangs of death, to save
The dead from an eternal grave!

Oh! thread yon tangled coppice now,
Where the sweet-brier and woodbine strive;
Where music drops from every bough,
Like honey from the forest hive:
Where warbling birds, and humming bees,
And wild-flowers round a gushing spring,
And blossoms sprinkled o'er the trees,
And gorgeous insects on the wing,
Unite to load the gladdened air
With melody of grateful prayer;
Unite their Maker's name to bless
In that brief span of happiness!

And can it be that MAN alone
Forbids the tide of prayer to flow;
For whom his God forsook a throne,
To weep, to bleed—a man of woe?
Ah! 'tis *alone* the immortal soul
An endless bliss ordained to win,
The heaven of heavens its destined goal,
That thus is sunk in shameless sin!
Scantly permitting to intrude
The faintest gleam of gratitude;
And but in hours of dire despair,
Responding in the voice of prayer!

C. S.

INDEX.

		PAGE
ADDRESS to an Egyptian Mummy	*Horace Smith*	139
Advantages of Exercise to Health	*Thomson*	250
The Adventurer on the Sea of Life	*Carrington*	55
— African Boy	*Jerningham*	164
L'Allegro	*Milton*	256
The Alps at Daybreak	*Rogers*	109
— American Water-fowl	*Bryant*	239
Anna D'Arfet	*Bowles*	305
An Answer to What is Time?	*Scott*	12
The Answer of the Egyptian Mummy	*Mummius*	141
Antiquity	*M.*	186
April	*Longfellow*	48
The First of April	*Warton*	246
— April Day	*Dale*	249
— Arabian Maiden's Song	*Carlyle*	134
— Aurora Borealis	*R. C. P.*	22
Autumn		153
———	*Peabody*	124
An Autumn Thought		45
Autumn Evenings		38
The Banks of the Dove	*Sadler*	65
— Banks of the Yarrow	*Logan*	96
— Battle of Hastings	*Bowles*	312
To a Bee		82
The Bees' Winter Retreat		112
Bells at a Distance	*Cowper*	152
The Bells of Ostend	*Bowles*	276
— Better Land	*Mrs. Hemans*	87
— Bird caught at Sea	*Hill*	85
Birds in Summer	*Mary Howitt*	184
My Birth-Day	*Crabbe*	179
The Boulevards of Paris in 1815	*Croly*	298
The Bower	*Ben Jonson*	234
— Boy	*Willis*	59
To a Little Boy		106
The Brothers' Parting		228
— Bucket	*Woodworth*	65
— Burial of Sir John Moore	*Wolfe*	154
Description of a Butterfly	*Spenser*	123
The Calendar of Flora	*Charlotte Smith*	220
— Cataract of Lodore	*Southey*	68
To the Small Celandine	*Wordsworth*	39
A Charade		162
To a Child in Prayer	*Conversations*	132
Chorus of Babylonians	*Milman*	307
The Christmas Waits	*Wordsworth*	212
A Churchyard Scene	*Wilson*	296
A Colloquy with Myself	*Bernard Barton*	240

		PAGE
The Comet	*Brownlee*	19
— Coming-in of Spring	*Cornelius Webbe*	110
Content	*Williams*	91
Ode to Content	*Mrs. Barbauld*	252
Contentment in a Humble Station	*Carlyle*	181
The Contrast	*Wordsworth*	58
— Coral Grove	*Percival*	30
— Coral Insect	*Mrs. Sigourney*	222
— Coral Island	*James Montgomery*	223
— Coronation of Inez de Castro	*Bernard Barton*	169
Our Country and our Home	*James Montgomery*	114
Convalescence	*Gray*	237
To the Crow		127
The Cuckoo	*Logan*	172
— Cypress Wreath	*Sir Walter Scott*	265
Daisy	*Montgomery*	216
Dawn	*Mickle's Camoens*	205
Day-break	*Beaumont & Fletcher*	15
The Days of my Youth	*Tucker*	13
Death	*Bishop Porteus*	88
The Death of the Flowers	*Miss Bowles*	115
— Death of Flowers	*Bryant*	116
On the Death of George the Third	*H. Smith*	166
Dirge (in *Cymbeline*)	*Collins*	230
Ode on Disappointment	*Kirke White*	44
The Dying Stag	*G. Fletcher*	251
Early Rising	*Joanna Baillie*	71
Elegy written in a Country Churchyard	*Gray*	300
Employment in a Garden	*Milton*	167
England	*Robert Montgomery*	309
England's Merry Bells		99
Epitaph on a Tame Hare	*Cowper*	156
Evening	*Beaumont & Fletcher*	16
———	*Warton*	235
To the Evening Breeze	*Bryant*	25
Ode to Evening	*Collins*	275
The Evening Walk	*Hurdis*	292
An Evening Walk in Bengal	*Bishop Heber*	176
Evergreens	*Pinkney*	62
The Fading Lily	*Coleridge*	67
— Fairies	*Wilson*	317
A Fairy's Favours	*Shakspeare*	266
Fairy's Song	*Shakspeare*	255
The Fairy Queen sleeping	*Shakspeare*	250
A Fairy's Song	*Shakspeare*	74
A Fairy Song	*Shakspeare*	94
The Falls of the Passaic	*Washington Irving*	171
Fame	*Pollok*	113
Ode to Fancy	*Warton*	282
The Fairies' Grotto	*Shenstone*	164
— Farm Yard	*Kleist*	228

		PAGE
Ode to Fear	*Collins*	264
On the Field of Battle of Bullion Green	*Anne*	134
Field Flowers	*Blackwood's Magazine*	63
Flattery and Friendship	*Shakspeare*	80
Flora's Party	*Mrs. Sigourney*	200
Flowers	*Pickering*	197
To my Friend	*Robert Montgomery*	291
To a Frog		93
The Frost	*Miss Gould*	31
— Funeral at Sea	*Finn*	67
Funeral Rites	*Atkins*	130
The Glow Worm	*Charlotte Smith*	83
———	*Dr. Walcot*	242
— Goldfinch's Nest	*Graham*	229
— Good-Morrow	*Haywood*	120
— Grandfather's Death-bed	*Shakspeare*	127
— Grasshopper	*Cowley*	205
— Halcyon, or King-fisher	*Shenstone*	77
— Harebell		224
To the Harvest Moon	*Kirke White*	232
— a Hedge Sparrow		60
Herrick's Litany		64
Hospitality	*Bloomfield*	170
On an Hour-Glass	*J. M.*	78
Human Happiness	*R. H.*	41
Humility	*James Montgomery*	77
The Humming-Bird	*Sir W. Scott*	118
— Hunting Morning		125
Hymn to the Flowers	*H. Smith*	199
The Iceberg	*Rockwell*	28
— Invitation to Birds	*Graves*	103
— Isles of Ocean	*Wilson*	310
— Ivy Wreath	*Mrs. Hemans*	212
— Italian Cottager's Home	*Rogers*	129
John Barleycorn	*Burns*	236
The Kaleidoscope	*W. H. M.*	96
— Kid	*Shenstone*	82
Knowledge and Wisdom	*Cowper*	46
The Lament		219
— Last Man	*Campbell*	326
My Library	*Southey*	78
The Life of Man	*J. Mayne*	213
— Light of Home	*Mrs. Hale*	124
— Little Sweep	*Bowles*	281
Lo, the Lilies	*Heber*	187
The Lily and Rose	*G. Fletcher*	248
— Linnet's Nest	*Darwin*	118
On listening to a Cricket	*Norton*	86
London	*Robert Montgomery*	122
Madeline	*Conversations*	188
The Magic Lamp	*Croly*	277

		PAGE
Man's Mortalitie		72
Man's Resurrection		73
The Man of Ross	*Pope*	305
March	*Bryant*	75
Mary Gray's Song	*Wilson*	273
May	*Percival*	121
— Morning	*Milton*	95
Song of May Morning	*Milton*	163
The Mermaid's Song		99
— Merry Heart	*Milman*	315
Midnight	*Croly*	286
The Milk-maid	*Shenstone*	114
— Miser	*Pollok*	92
Moonlight	*Pope's Homer*	217
Morning	*Milton*	214
———	*Joanna Baillie*	15
Morning Hymn	*Milton*	289
A Mother's Love	*James Montgomery*	190
Mount Horeb		70
To a Mountain Daisy	*Burns*	211
The Mourner	*Beaumont & Fletcher*	251
— Narcissus	*Cooper*	170
— Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk	*White of Selborne*	57
My Native Home		48
The Nautilus	*Barnard*	182
— Negro's Complaint	*Cowper*	192
Night	*James Montgomery*	108
———	*Southey*	17
Nothing	*Porson*	98
November	*Crabbe*	221
The Ocean	*M.*	26
Ode to the Memory of Mr. Inchbald	*John Philip Kemble*	152
To an Old Oak	*Rogers*	52
The Oriole's Nest	*Wilks*	193
— Orphan Boy	*Fox*	90
— Orphan's Prayer	*M. G. Lewis*	172
— Owl	*Butler*	119
Paper	*Benjamin Franklin*	314
Past—Present—Future	*Browne*	13
The Peasant's Life	*G. Fletcher*	204
— Penitent's Return	*Mrs. Hemans*	135
Il Penseroso	*Milton*	259
From the Persian	*Sir W. Jones*	75
The Plane Tree and the Vine		267
Praise of a Country Life	*Sir H. Wootton*	175
Lines in praise of a Goose-Quill	*Bishop Atterbury*	95
The Poplars	*Cowper*	116
Prayer	*Mant*	328
The Rainbow	*Campbell*	18
To the Rainbow	*Campbell*	100
Recollections of Youth	*Mackenzie*	179

		PAGE
Recollections	*Miss Gould*	102
Remembrance	*Southey*	42
The Repose after the Chase	*Sir Walter Scott*	119
Report of an Adjudged Case	*Cowper*	107
The Rising Moon	*Peabody*	24
— Rose	*Cowper*	105
— Sailor's Evening Song		81
Lines to an Alabaster Sarcophagus	*N. P. S.*	144
Saturday Afternoon	*Willis*	53
Scene after a Summer Shower		76
Scotch Mountain-scenery	*Sir Walter Scott*	206
The Sea		17
— Sea Shore	*Southey*	218
Signs of Rain	*Jenner*	89
The Setting Sun		24
— Shepherd's Home	*Shenstone*	128
Silence		43
Silent Monitors	*Charlotte Smith*	54
On Skating	*Dr. Johnson*	167
To the Sky-lark		151
The Snail	*Cowper*	233
— Snow-Flake	*Gould*	33
— Soldier's Dream	*Campbell*	160
— Solitary Walk at Noon	*Cowper*	253
Solitude	*Cowper*	150
Song	*Joanna Baillie*	210
The Song of the Breeze	*Eleanor Dickenson*	228
Song of the Cid	*Bowles*	267
A Song of Pitcairn's Island	*Bryant*	174
Song of the Stars	*Bryant*	23
Sonnet to the Nightingale	*Drummond*	277
The Sorrows of Childhood	*Montgomery*	217
— Spanish Armada	*Macauley*	158
Spring	*Willis*	74
———	*Williams*	120
———	*Peabody*	196
Ode to Spring	*Mrs. Barbauld*	254
The Coming-in of Spring	*Cornelius Webbe*	110
— Squirrel	*Cowper*	210
— Squire's Pew	*Miss Taylor*	49
Steam and the Steam-Engine	*Wilks*	148
The Stranded Bark and the Life-boat	*Anon.*	180
Summer	*Peabody*	178
———	*C. L. B.*	38
Summer Evening at the Farm	*Kirke White*	232
Sunday at Sea	*Bishop Turner*	138
Sunset in September	*Wilcox*	46
Sunshine after a Shower	*Warton*	209
The Swallow	*Cowper*	189
— First Swallow	*Charlotte Smith*	63
Tell's Birth-place	*Coleridge*	196

		PAGE
Thoughts on Nature	*Cowper*	208
Time	*Francis Quarles*	98
——	*Knox*	106
An Answer to What is Time?	*Scott*	12
Time Flies		12
The Thrush	*Charlotte Smith*	128
To-Morrow		243
The Traveller		79
— Traveller's Dirge	*Bernard Barton*	155
— Traveller in Africa	*Duchess of Devonshire*	137
Ode to Tranquillity	*Coleridge*	84
Trees Characterized	*Spenser*	93
The Trout-Stream		137
Ode to Truth	*Mason*	272
Twilight	*Montgomery*	111
The Tulip		133
Unfolding the Flocks	*Beaumont & Fletcher*	231
The Valentine Wreath	*Montgomery*	226
— Violet and the Pansy	*Langhorne*	214
— Visible Creation	*James Montgomery*	14
— Voice of Prayer	*C. S.*	329
— Voice of Spring	*Mrs. Hemans*	243
A Voyage round the World	*Montgomery*	34
The Wandering Boy	*Kirke White*	182
— Way to be Happy	*Byrom*	85
— Weaver's Wife	*Cornelius Webbe*	104
Lines to the Western Mummy	*Gallaudet*	146
Westminster Abbey	*Keate*	56
What is that, Mother?	*Doane*	316
What is Time?	*Marsden*	11
A Wild Flower Wreath	*Nugæ Sacræ*	195
The Wind in a Frolic	*Howitt*	32
To the Winds	*Bernard Barton*	160
Winter	*Mary Howitt*	226
A Winter Evening in the Library	*Cowper*	101
The Winter's Day		156
A Winter's Song	*Shakspeare*	123
The Wish	*Kirke White*	185
— Withered Leaf	*Pickering*	178
A Word of Advice to the Discontented	*Alexander Nicholes*	112
The Wounded Deer	*Darwin*	67
Written in a Valley near a Stream	*Carlyle*	169
Written in a Shady Valley	*Shenstone*	218

THE END.

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